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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	489
AMERICAN CONFESSION	491
KNOCKSHINNOCH AFTERMATH. By Helen Gosse	492
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	493
DOLLARS AND THE DEVIL. By Sagittarius	493
THIS ENGLAND	494
THE TROUBLE ABOUT THE SAAR. By Mervyn Jones	494
SO THEY SAY... By Autolycus	495
CRISIS IN ISRAEL	496
FOREIGN SPECIALIST. By Edward Hyams	498
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
The New Old Vic. By T. C. Worsley	498
Pointillism and the Camden Town Group. By Basil Taylor	500
A Symphony and Two Concertos. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	500
Television Notes. By W. E. Williams	502
The Movies. By William Whitebait	502
CORRESPONDENCE	503
From W. L. Andrews; Lionel Birch; Keith Morfett; Dymphna Cusack; Stefan Litauer; Henry Moore and others; Stephen Spender; Patrick Pattinson; Robert S. W. Pollard; Hubert Butler; Eric Sanders; Howard Lees; and W. B. Stevenson.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By H. R. Trevor-Roper	507
CATULLUS AT SIRMIO (56 B.C.). By Robert Conquest	508
SIGNIFICANT FORM. By Robert Conquest	508
REVIEWS:	
Dousterswivel. By V. S. Pritchett	508
Il Miglior Fabbro. By Kathleen Raine	510
Sugar Lords. By Raymond Frost	512
REVIEWS (*contd.*)	Page
Evolution. By Anthony Barnett	512
The Morning After. By A. J. P. Taylor	514
New Novels. By John Raymond	514
An Approach to James. By J. D. Scott	516
Beyond Appearances. By Michael Hamburger	516
Ella Freeman Sharpe. By Geoffrey Gorer	518
Heroic Acting Since 1944. By Montagu Slater	520
Johnson Himself. By J. I. M. Stewart	520
Musical Comedy. By Arthur Marshall	522
Crime. By Ralph Partridge	522
The Health Services. By Letitia Fairfield	523
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Andrew Porter	524
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	524
CHESS. By Assiac	525

Lord Salisbury and the Left Wing

AMERICAN correspondents in London have revealed a "split" in the British Cabinet over rearmament. No such split exists; there are merely differences of opinion about what the Government should do, now that it is certain that there will be much less American aid than we were led to believe when the £3,500 million rearmament plan was drawn up last August. Should the programme be reduced by the amount that American aid falls short? And if not, will full war-time controls and even direction of labour be necessary to carry out a programme now far heavier than that which Mr. Gaitskell last September described as "the limit of our economic resources"? When a Cabinet Minister expresses strong views on these points during lunch it is absurd to announce the existence of a split. It is even more absurd to talk of dissensions on the subject of MacArthur and Korea. There is general agreement in the Cabinet on this subject, though once again there are no doubt differences about the lengths to which the Government should go in pressing their protests upon Washington.

What is true of the Cabinet is broadly true of Parliament and the nation. Everyone is aware of the drift towards war, in which America and the Soviet Union might survive, but not this country. The argument used, by both the British and American Governments, to induce the public to accept rearmament, has been that the West will be in a better position to negotiate with the Soviet Union if it presents a common front, backed by military strength. But when similar arguments are put forward for immediate German rearmament—in spite of the fact that, once East and West Germany are both armed, war becomes inevitable—it is time to make a stand. Lord Salisbury deserves our gratitude for saying that an effort should be made to reach a settlement of the two immediate issues which threaten war. The strong cards in the hands of the West are Russia's fear of German rearmament and Communist China's reluctance, after an exhausting civil war, to enter on a new war of attrition. Lord Salisbury said what every leader of every party knows.

Within the ranks of the Labour Party two groups of M.P.s have also taken the initiative. Twenty-nine Left-wingers have now tabled two resolutions. The first, in broad agreement with Lord Salisbury, demands a constructive answer to the Russian proposals for a Conference on Germany. The second asks the Government to instruct its representatives at Lake Success "to seek an immediate agreement on the line beyond which the United Nations forces will not advance, with a view to bringing the fighting to an end as quickly as possible." The other group of Socialists is led by Mr. Ellis-Smith and composed for the most part of trade-unionists. They have put forward a much more comprehensive proposal for peace by conciliation. The object of both these groups is the same—to show that the Parliamentary Labour Party does not accept the inevitability of war; and to urge on the Government the necessity for a British "peace initiative." When the Right and the Left both speak with the same voice, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin must surely feel that the time for leadership by themselves has arrived.

The Korean crisis is immediately upon us. General MacArthur has now carried British as well as American forces right up to the Manchurian frontier. If this movement goes on it will soon threaten the power stations on which 90 per cent of Manchurian industry depends, and full-scale war with China will become inevitable. In Arctic weather the United Nations forces may then find themselves marooned in territory where they have no business to be, defending no cause and fighting an enemy who could sweep them into the sea whenever he decides to do so. Quite apart from any political considerations, this is military insanity. Moreover, since the object of the United Nations was to crush North Korean aggression, it would be hard indeed for the lawyers to convince the world that the Chinese were the aggressors in such a war. No less important is the fact that, within the occupied area of Korea, General MacArthur has been backing Syngman Rhee, in defiance of the Assembly's resolution, just as he backs Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa. Syngman Rhee's present policy is that which might have been expected. His pronouncements suggest that he intends to restore the landlords to power and that his main political objective is to take vengeance on the Communists. Meanwhile, the United Nations Commission, which was instructed to take over the administration of North Korea, is still detained in Tokyo.

It is against this gloomy background that talks with the Chinese Communist delegation will begin this week-end at Lake Success. Since they have come to discuss Formosa and the American bombing of targets in Manchuria it is not certain that the Chinese will be ready to do business on Korea. But what is essential is that Britain should have a cut-and-dried plan ready for withdrawing the United Nations troops to a defensive line and creating a buffer between them and the Chinese. This withdrawal is not a part of the negotiations but an essential preliminary to them, and Mr. Bevin should know that the country would back him in the most drastic measures to enforce such a policy on MacArthur. If, for instance, a threat to withdraw British troops from Korea is necessary, the threat must be made. A translatlantic row is a small price to pay for world peace.

Inside Germany

For some time now the German Social-Democrats have been saying that the Federal Parliament of Western Germany no longer represents the mood and will of the electorate, and that the impending decision on German re-militarisation makes a new general election imperative. After all, the present Parliament was elected in September, 1948, when the shadow of German rearmament was no nearer than the skyline. The latest *Land* elections, in the *Länder* of Hesse and Württemberg-Baden (both in the U.S. zone of occupation) seem to support the view that in a new general election the Western Germans would express by vote opposition to their own rearmament. The Social-Democrats, who oppose rearmament, have made heavy gains; and the Christian Democrats, who support rearmament, have suffered heavy losses.

In the meantime, not only has Niemöller refused to withdraw his accusations that Adenauer and the Bonn Government are now committed to a far-reaching policy of remilitarisation; he has carried his attack into the heart of the re-militarists' camp by speaking on the subject in his old parish church of Dahlem in Berlin. Such is Niemöller's personal prestige, and such (one may imagine) the popularity of his anti-militarist thesis, that the bishops of the Evangelical Church have hesitated to do more than censure him. His arguments, for the most part, they have apparently ignored. Substantially, these are three: that the way to fight Communism is to remove the social and economic injustices which are now flagrant in Western Germany, that re-militarisation must fatally play into the hands of the extreme Right, and that in any case the re-militarisation of Western Germany is in no way justified by the *Bereitschaften* in the East.

United Libya

A constituent assembly to establish a Provisional Government for Libya, to which the U.N. has awarded liberty in 1952, is now to meet, with sixty members nominated by the Mufti of Tripolitania, the Emir of Cyrenaica and the Bey of Fezzan. Since the administering authorities, Britain and France, have done little to prepare the Libyans for self-government, these hand-picked delegates may be at present the only possible assembly in an area where there is no electoral or constituency system. The question is whether political independence will ensure the economic well-being of the Libyan people unless the U.N. is prepared to nurture its offspring when it ceases to be under tutelage. Libya can be a great opportunity, or a great tragedy, for U.N. It is not yet economically viable; nor is it politically homogeneous. Though the Emir of Cyrenaica will probably become the sovereign head, the country will in fact be ruled by the more urbanised, westernised, Arabs of Tripolitania. The fatalism of the Senussi nomads is not adapted to planning. In Libya, the Italians discouraged education of the Arabs, and only now are secondary schools being opened in Cyrenaica. There are no reserves of people with qualifications to run the administrative services and the machinery of a modern State. It is hoped that, by 1952, the U.N. will have trained about 200 Arab typists and clerks for the multifarious services; but there is a risk lest xenophobia, fostered by the Arab League, may mean the exclusion of foreign experts whose services will be needed—particularly when external subsidies cease. United Libya needs more than paper resolutions to make it real.

Britain Imports Coal

The most startling feature of Mr. Noel-Baker's statement about the coal situation was the announcement that the Coal Board had been authorised to buy coal from abroad. What this means in effect is that we have entered, as part of the export drive, into commitments to overseas buyers, including Ireland, that cannot be met without dangerous inroads on home supplies. The root of the trouble is, of course, the fall in colliery manpower. Too many of the too few young men who enter the pits leave them very soon, either for less arduous occupations or to join the armed services under the improved conditions now offered. When mechanisation has been fully carried through and the Board's long-term plans are in working order, there ought to be no serious difficulty in getting the manpower needed to produce all the coal that is required. But that is a long way ahead; and in the meantime both the fall in manpower and the slackening rate of increase in productivity are serious: we are likely to pay dearly for the N.C.B.'s pessimistic estimates of future demand for coal. The wage increases recently agreed on for the lowest-paid workers may help a little to enable the industry to hold its young recruits; but the main short-term answer must be in terms of higher productivity. Days lost through strikes have been many fewer this year than last. Absenteeism, too, has actually been falling, and the most that it is reasonable to hope for is that it will continue to fall at the present rate. What could make the necessary difference would be, above all else, a really determined effort to make joint consultation work better at the pit level—an effort in which the N.U.M., as well as the Board and its officers, would need to play an active part. The truth is that, though relations have improved under public ownership, they have not improved nearly enough in most pits; and there is still at the back of many miners' minds a fear of what the Board's plans may mean to them, in human terms, and a consequent tendency to hold back from full co-operation.

Malaise in Paris

Our Paris Correspondent writes: With the "China Lobby" in a triumphant mood, with MacArthur cheerfully ignoring both U.N. and Mr. Truman, and even the Democratic *Washington Post* proposing to present Russia with an "atomic ultimatum," French opinion is becoming increasingly scared of the adventurous turn American foreign policy is threatening to take. The haste with which M. Schuman—by far the most conformist "pro-American" in the French Government—found it necessary, last Friday, to assure his hosts at the American Club that "France's policy did not differ in any way from that of her Western Allies" could not, in itself, dispose of the conflicts inside the French Government of which the press had been talking for days. M. Schuman's complaint that M. Moch had, during his "Atlantic" talks in Washington, expressed too many "personal" opinions on German rearmament and his suggestion that the Defence Minister had not treated the Americans with due humility was only one example of the friction existing inside the French Government. But it was not only a question of words and manner. M. Moch's stand clearly reflected the reluctance of French opinion at the prospect of a large *offensive* army, Germans included, being built up in Europe—a force which, ultimately, might become a weapon in the hands of a bellicose and adventurous Washington.

Russia's offer is seen here as a genuine attempt to avert a third World War. The general mood was well expressed by M. Herriot when he said: "When it's a case of saving human lives, one ought to negotiate even with the Devil. If these conversations [with the U.S.S.R.] failed, France would be on stronger ground than to-day to demand from her people the sacrifices entailed in the rearmament programme." Although, at the American Club, M. Schuman dismissed, as "absurd rumours", the stories of France's embarking on an "independent policy," her unwillingness to say "No" to Russia and so throw away the last chance of *not* rearming Germany is quite unmistakable.

Meantime, the French Government is sharply divided on other issues. M. Letourneau, Minister for Indo-China affairs, has just returned to Paris from Tonkin and is demanding naval and air reinforcements for the defence of Hanoi and the Tonkin Delta. M. Moch, Minister of Defence, seems to think that Europe must have top priority. M. Letourneau attempted negotiations with Vietminh, but claims to have failed. (Did he *really* try very hard? Many wonder.) The Socialists would like to try again. The M.R.P. think Bao Dai should be encouraged to form a large army of his own, but other French Conservatives are disturbed by the Syngman-Rhee-like ambitions shown by the Bao Dai clique. Many of them are ready to sell out to MacArthur, whom they expect both (a) to wipe out Vietminh and (b) chase out the French.

NEXT WEEK—DECEMBER 2nd
CHRISTMAS BOOKS NUMBER
This issue will also contain the first of a series of dispatches on Franco Spain by our special correspondent Basil Davidson.

PARLIAMENT: Korea and Coal

Wednesday

THE Whip promised a quiet week of bits and pieces, with the consolation of early nights for a change. Indeed, the formal debates were devoted to tidying up the processes of government, in a kind of "autumn cleaning" of odd Bills. But there was more in the business of the week than the Whip foretold. The Commons have by now lost the habit of early closing. When the Government gave up, the back-benchers moved in. No less than fourteen adjournment debates filled in the time left over from Government business. The range was wide—from poultry farms in Crowmarsh to the invasion of Tibet, and back to the coracle fishermen of Pembrokeshire. On the whole, the standard of debating was high and tempers good, with the exception of a certain touchiness on the part of the Home Office, irked by Sheffield.

It was question time that really broke up the cosy "get-togetherness" of the week. Last Wednesday, the Minister of Defence announced the agreement of H.M. Government with the other Atlantic Pact signatories on the question of rearming Germany. At least, in principle this was agreed. The Opposition needed now only the inclusion of Spain in the forces that defend democracy to make their satisfaction complete. Leslie Hale and Harold Davies, "in view of a grave change in national policy," asked for a debate. Emrys Hughes and Rhys Davies warned the Minister of the danger of German military resurgence under ex-Nazi officers. The Minister was not impressed.

On Thursday, Mr. Shinwell told the House the story of the British forces in Korea. Labour members made it clear to the Minister that, in their view at least, the General commanding in Korea was shooting a line they did not like. Shinwell would not be drawn outside his brief. "Did the Minister know," asked Michael Foot innocently, "whether General MacArthur was following the instructions of the U.N. Interim Committee in Korea?" The Minister had apparently never even heard of the Committee, and advised Foot to ask the Foreign Secretary that one. So Foot did. But Ernest Davies had nothing to say either. On the limits of the Korean fighting, the Government make Stanley Baldwin's sealed lips sound like garrulity.

Michael Foot carried his private war a step further and presented a motion asking for a definition of objectives in Korea and another on the terms upon which the Government would be prepared to discuss the relations of the Big Five Powers. Within a few hours some 25 other Labour members had signed.

On Monday, the Foreign Secretary made a statement on Anglo-Egyptian relations. King Farouk, the Foreign Secretary seemed to imply, was a very foolish young man advised by very foolish old ones. Any little troubles between our countries, he thought, could be easily settled by such sensible people as he and the Egyptian Foreign Minister, when they met in London—if only the Tories would keep quiet.

Then coal. Because of the calls made by full employment, said Noel-Baker, it may be necessary to bring coals from abroad to Newcastle. The Tories whooped at the electoral possibilities opened up. In 1947, there was not enough coal and industry froze. Now, there *must* be enough, so the Government will buy. What does reality matter? The occasion provides the Opposition with a slogan: If stocks rise, or if stocks fall, the people to the polls. It is an old slogan, with a bad history. Nero used one very like it.

TOM WILLIAMS

American Confession

ONE of the best qualities of American democracy is its readiness to rake the muck out of its own Augean stables. We doubt, for instance, whether any British Government would dare to publish an indictment as spectacular as the report of the Bell Commission on the Philippines which was presented to President Truman a few weeks ago. This report describes in precise detail the manner in which vast sums of the American taxpayer's money have been poured into the Philippines, how those sums have been wasted, and why large areas of the islands are now threatened by Communist-inspired peasant revolts. It is a remarkable document, and it has a lesson not only for Americans but for all who fondly believe that, in order to save the Asiatic peoples from Communism, all that is required is to confer upon them the forms of democracy coupled with the provision of dollar aid.

Americans in the past have pointed to the Philippines as proof that the New World can avoid the evils of European colonialism. President Roosevelt, according to *The Private Papers of Harry Hopkins*, once advocated that, after the war, the old Colonial Powers should be made to conform under the United Nations to this pattern of liberal-minded trusteeship. When the war ended, therefore, substantial autonomy was granted to the liberated government in Manila. While the U.S.A. retained its military bases in the island, the Filipinos were left completely free to reconstruct their devastated economy.

This reconstruction was facilitated by American aid on the most generous scale. Since 1945, no less than $1,400,000,000 have been spent by the United States Government in the island. Of this total, nearly $700,000,000 consisted of direct aid and loans; the rest was expenditure by the War Department and other Government agencies. Some time ago, however, it became clear that all was not well. The Hukbalahap movement, fostered by the Communists, has been steadily growing despite the use of 22 per cent. of the Budget for defence and police; from Manila came ugly rumours of widespread corruption and undeniable evidence that Government expenditure, though pitiably small, was vastly in excess of revenue. The Bell Commission, therefore, was charged with the task of studying the economic situation and recommending how the Philippines could be made self-supporting.

The Commission's researches disclose that, despite the vast extent of dollar aid, production is still below the pre-war level. Since the population has increased by 25 per cent., this means that the standard of living, shockingly low before the war, has sunk still further. In the Commission's own words: "The inequalities in income, always large, have become even greater during the past few years. While the standard of living of the mass of the people has not reached pre-war level, the profits of business men and the incomes of large landowners have risen very considerably. Wages and farm income remain lower than the economy can afford because of the unequal bargaining power of workers and tenants on the one hand and employers and landowners on the other."

Seventy-five per cent. of the Filipinos depend on agriculture for their living. The Commission reports that wages in some districts are as low as one peso a day—though the Commission calculates that 4,000 pesos a year is the minimum required to maintain a family on a subsistence level. As for the small farmers, although there are great tracts of good land uncultivated, they are steadily being driven off the soil, and are "now little better than peons" at the mercy of the Chinese merchant and money-lender or the rich real estate speculators to whom Government loans are freely available. While accepting the need for police action against the "Huks," the Commission remarks that "it would be a mistake to under-estimate the extent to which failure to deal boldly with the problems of economic poverty has increased the feeling of desperation among the people and provided a breeding ground for agitation and disorder"; and it adds as an acid afterthought that, although agriculture provides 56 per cent. of the national product, only one-quarter of one per cent. of the Budget is spent upon it.

In contrast with this appalling picture of agricultural penury and peonage, the Commission describes the affluence of the small commercial class. With loans at 5 to 8 per cent., the banks are doing well and earning annual profits of 25 per cent. on their capital. Though investment has averaged 20-25 per cent. of the gross national product, little has gone into agriculture and no less than 40 per cent. into commerce, trade and "residential construction." In order that no one should believe that residential construction means housing, the Commission emphasises that "large expenditures for this purpose, in some instances with the loan of public funds, have made no provision for the housing needs of the wage-earner . . . the housing facilities are a menace to public health and a denial of human dignity."

Turning to budgetary policy, the Commission observes that of the total tax revenue, five-sixths is derived from indirect taxation, which hits the poor, and only one-sixth from income and corporation tax. Moreover, taxation absorbs only 8 per cent. of the national income. The rich go virtually tax-free, while the poor, with wages below subsistence level, bear the burden of a Budget which, apart from primary education, makes virtually no provision for social security or public health.

The Bell Commission lays the blame for this appalling situation on the Philippine Government; but to the outside observer this seems a one-sided view. The Filipinos have been faithfully acting according to the American principles of free enterprise. When they were liberated, their country was flooded with American dollars with which to pay for an uncontrolled flow of American goods; and the profits of the Philippine trader have in many instances then been transferred for safekeeping to the U.S.A. Inevitably prices rose to three

and a half times the pre-war level and, in the absence of any planned economy, dollar aid merely intensified the social crisis. After a year or two, the Manila Government did introduce import and exchange control, which have worked comparatively well, despite corruption in an under-paid civil service. But these controls came too late; the flood of luxury imports aggravated the inflation. It is a pity that the Bell Commission did not tell the American taxpayer frankly that the appalling waste of his money was due largely to American policy.

What does the Commission propose in order to remedy these evils? It realises that the "Huks" can only be suppressed if the penury of the land-worker and the farmer are firmly tackled. It proposes, therefore, a minimum agricultural wage of 2.5 pesos a day, the stimulation of free trade unions, the establishment of a nationalised Philippine Development corporation, the *temporary* continuation of controls and the balancing of the Budget by increased taxation. It is noteworthy, however, that most of the increased taxation is to be raised by sales taxes and that the Commission does not recommend any serious attempt either to impose taxation on the wealthy or to enforce a rapid redistribution of the land. As for social security, it sees no hope of that in the near future. Instead of any drastic remedy, Mr. Bell believes that Mr. Truman should send an American Mission to take detailed charge of the key Ministries in Manila and to supervise the spending of American funds. Philippine independence, in fact, is to be ended and the islands are to revert to a semi-colonial status.

It is unlikely that Mr. Truman will accept this recommendation and assume responsibility for the social miseries of the Philippines. But even if he rejects the Commission's report, Mr. Bell will have done a useful service by exposing once for all the futility of the idea that Communism can be fought in Asia simply by introducing parliamentary democracy and supplying dollar aid. The Marshall Plan succeeded in Europe because aid was given to Governments which for the most part were capable of using it for productive purposes. We have only to contrast Italy and Norway, however, in order to realise the difference between the effect of the Marshall Plan on a Socialist planned economy and on a free enterprise nation. Yet Italy, for all its glaring social injustice, is a paradise compared with the Philippines or indeed, with most of the countries of South-East Asia. To liberate these peoples, while leaving power in the hands of a small land-owning and commercial class and then to prop up these corrupt regimes on mountains of dollars, is merely to intensify class war and promote Communism.

The conclusion is clear enough. If Communism is not to capture every backward and under-privileged people, we must be prepared to forestall it by sponsoring the social revolution ourselves. The "Huks" can only be liquidated if the American advisers in Manila are prepared to enforce penal taxation on the wealthy, a drastic redistribution of land, and the beginning of real social security. But if an American is to do this, he has to favour in South-East Asia the kind of Socialism which is anathema in Washington. Until we face this dilemma frankly, the prospects of a successful resistance to Communism are very bleak.

Knockshinnoch Aftermath

PAUSING at the top of the brae, I looked down upon the ravaged valleys and hillsides that surround the village of New Cumnock. The waterlogged landscape sagged and bulged, its contours prematurely aged and distorted, like those of a woman worn out by too many confinements. The plumes of smoke rising from the tall chimneys of the distant collieries were not needed to prove the existence, beneath the grass and water, of gigantic rabbit warrens, of honeycombs of underground workings. Dead trees like gibbets poked forth crazily from the waters of newly formed lochs in the swampy valleys. I drove on past houses with cracked walls and crooked roofs, the car bumping over the warped foundations of the road. Mining subsidence was etched indelibly, unmistakably, upon the wounded land.

A track across a muddy field led to the crater. It is raw, monstrous, horrifying. Is it also a grim record of *laissez-faire* in British mining? Its torn sides consist of spongy, rotten peat, from which an occasional decayed tree stump protrudes. Water can be squeezed from this peat as from a wet sponge, but it has not the firm consistency of sponge, or its cohesion; it disintegrates at a touch. Forty feet below, a team of miners were climbing down into the nakedly exposed workings—into the waste-pipe of this giant's wash basin. They were going in search of the bodies of their missing comrades; the thirteen men who were trapped by the sludge—50,000 to 80,000 tons of it—that broke into and engulfed the Knockshinnoch workings on the stormy night of September 7.

Thoughtfully I drove back to Ayr. In the hushed, crowded court room question and answer went on repetitively. But now, for me at least, some of them possessed a fantastic air of unreality.

"We had no reason to suspect the presence of peat."

"Are you a countryman, Mr.——?"

"When you walked over the field what did you make of it?"

"Nice green grass, good agricultural land it seemed to me."

"And yet, to your knowledge, it has never been ploughed?"

"No."

"You did not think it necessary to do more than walk over the field? Even when you knew that a shothole had blown through the roof of the working, when you knew water had been pouring through the hole for days, when you knew you were within 35 feet of the surface, even with all these facts at your disposal you did not think of sinking a bore or even of digging a hole to determine the nature of the intervening strata?"

"No."

"Of course, you are now aware that deposits of peat are shown at the site of the crater on the geological maps of the district?"

"Yes."

"Do you agree that, in the light of what took place, you would have been well advised to look at these maps?"

"I do."

"Do you agree that in future it might be a good idea if the Coal Board supplied managers with coloured geological maps to hang on the walls of their offices, so that they may acquaint themselves with the nature of the strata at their mines? And that a mere visual examination of the ground above workings is inadequate?"

"Yes."

"So the assistant of the assistant of the senior assistant was sent underground to make a survey when the shothole broke through?"

"Yes."

"This underground survey was, in fact, made by a junior apprentice?"

"I had faith in my subordinates. . . ." "It was the duty of my superior. . . ." "That was the function of the Planning Department. . . ." "That was the job of the Surveying people, not Production."

"You have been backshift overman at Knockshinnoch for 6½ years; in reality you take the place of the manager on the off shift?"

"Yes."

"You had received no special instructions to visit the shothole? You had no idea where the heading was driving, and you had no idea you were approaching the surface until the hole broke through?"

"That is so."

"I understand that you had been given no information about the strata?"

"I believed in my firemen and accepted their reports. The manager did not call me into conferences. It is not the custom for under-officials to be consulted."

"You were working in the dark?"

"Yes." . . . "The Planning Department thought we were at least 100 feet down."

"Do you think this accident could have been prevented?"

"It's easy to be wise after the event."

"Do you think this accident could have been prevented?"

"Knowing what I know now—that we were, in fact, working under peat and liquid matter—the heading would never have gone to the outcrop."

That is a composite rendering, a boiling down, of hours of actual questions and answers, of answers that formed the most significant part of the public inquiry into the causes and consequences of the inrush at Knockshinnoch. Much of the evidence was indescribably moving, owing to the presence in court of the widows and relatives of the dead. Each of the women sat immobile, with eyes that were long past the shedding of tears, straining to hear the final dreg of news she would ever get of the last moments in the life of the man now lost to her for ever.

The evidence of the miners was not only moving—some of it was profoundly disturbing in its implications. Repeated allegations were made that more than the legally permitted amount of explosive had been fired in No. 5 section. The roadways were said to be eighteen feet wide and six feet high right up to the spot where the shot penetrated through the roof. We were told of coal being blasted out "in the solid"—which means that the whole face is blown down and the coal merely loaded by hand. Coupled with this, came statements that falls of roof had been frequent and increasing all through the summer, that the roof in fact was damp and rotten. On top of this,

miner witnesses testified that it was impossible to make "a decent wage" at that heading unless a nine-foot coal advance was made on each coal-getting shift. It was hinted that the installation of a long conveyor in this part of the pit may well have required rapid coal-getting if the Board was to be repaid for the heavy expense involved. It will be for the Commissioner to judge whether unnecessary risks were taken in this section. Eighteen-foot roadways, worked in this way, are certainly unusually wide so near the surface, even when the geological strata are reliable.

What of the other lessons that may prove to have been learned as a result of this investigation? Until Sir Andrew Bryan issues his report it is improper to speculate whether blame for the disaster can be fixed upon any particular people. But witness after witness agreed that extensions of the existing statutory regulations are called for, and it is rumoured that official circles feel that there is no longer any excuse for delay in enacting a new and improved code of mining practice. With regard to specific lessons learned, it seems probable that in the near future regulations will be introduced to enforce boring whenever a seam approaches the surface, not just, as is at present the law, when the seam lies under peat, moss, or liquid matter. Furthermore, it is abundantly clear that the existing multiplication of Coal Board departments, sub-departments and officials needs forceful pruning, with clarification and redistribution of responsibilities. In the case of Knockshinnoch the area—or sub-area—Planning Department had produced a plan which assumed that the seam in No. 5 section would still be 150 feet from the surface by February 1951, whereas, in fact, it broke through the coal roof on August 30, and was then only 35 feet from the surface. Simultaneously we learnt that the colliery manager had observed the unexpected steepening of the gradient of the seam and was in no way surprised when the shothole broke through. His under-officials seem to have been ignorant of this vital fact.

An even more curious anomaly to emerge has been that of the astonishing lack of statutory responsibility that exists as far as some of the higher grades of Coal Board officials are concerned. For instance, from miner to manager, from manager to agent, from agent to Area General Manager, the regulations delineate quite clearly specific obligations and duties with regard to safety; but suppose an accident should occur as the result of a colliery manager carrying out the orders of some other superior in the ramifying N.C.B. hierarchy, then it appears, as things stand, that it will probably be the manager but *possibly* the agent or A.G.M. who will have to take the blame. And it certainly appeared at the inquiry as if the technical officials senior in status to the manager or agent but junior to the A.G.M. felt themselves to have no statutory responsibilities under existing regulations.

One of two courses should be pursued. Either statutory obligations should be laid upon the higher Coal Board officials, or the structure of the Board should be changed in order to ensure increased freedom and responsibility for the individual manager in the running of his pit. If this is done, it will be only just that he should be prepared to accept the blame if regulations are infringed or broken. At present, the number of officials is undoubtedly tending to blur and lessen the feeling of managerial responsibility.

As at Creswell, this disaster has once again stressed the urgent need for raising the status and technical standards of the under-official; but here at Knockshinnoch, in addition, the weakness of the consultative system between management and under-official was exposed. There was one curious omission from the list of witnesses. Throughout the Inquiry no mention was made of the area or colliery safety officials. This indicates the truth of what has more than once been pointed out in this journal—that the N.C.B. safety officer is an anomaly, and that safety should remain in the experienced hands of the Ministry Inspectorate, to which the colliery manager, in this field, should be directly answerable.

The investigation has presented several new features: it is the first major Inquiry in Scotland since Nationalisation and the first big case that the Scottish N.U.M. has conducted on its own, without legal representation. Its president, Abe Moffat, put up a remarkably fine performance, marred only by an occasional tendency to waste time on side issues to the detriment of his main line of attack. His summing up, however, was a masterpiece of lucidity; he had a strong case and made the most of it. But the Divisional Inspector of Mines was the undoubted "star" of the proceedings; his kindly handling of inexperienced witnesses, his steadfast pursuit of the truth, and his burst of brilliance towards the end when he questioned the expert witnesses, dominated the Inquiry and was in marked contrast to the stiff, professional style of Mr. R. P. Morison, K.C., who appeared for the Coal Board. In fact, it is not unfair to say that the attitude of the N.C.B. throughout differed little, if at all, from that displayed by many of the colliery companies in the "bad old days" of private ownership.

But as far as the rescue is concerned, it would be difficult to praise the Board officials too highly. The saving of 116 lives at Knockshinnoch was not only a near miracle, but was probably the finest rescue in the bloodstained history of coal mining. Andrew Houston's and David Park's bravery and inspired leadership, the bold decision to use Salvus respirators on untrained men, the sustained gallantry of the innumerable rescue volunteers and the bravery and discipline of the entombed men all combine to make the story of Knockshinnoch one of the proudest in Scotland's long tradition of high courage. But miracles and courage displayed "after the event" must not be permitted to obscure the main issue. It is now the duty of Sir Andrew Bryan to assess the accuracy of Abe Moffat's bitter words in his final speech, when he said: "Never have we had so many warnings of an impending disaster and so little attention given to them by those in positions of responsibility. I have never witnessed such an elementary disregard for men's safety."

HELEN GOSSE

Ayr, November 17.

London Diary

GILES, the admirable cartoonist of the *Daily Express*, contributed, I thought, the most apt comment on the affair of the Sheffield Peace Conference. He drew a small boy writing the word "Peece" in chalk on the pavement, while a small girl shouts up to the window, "Mum, Cyril's wrote a wicked word!" In short, the Russians, by their own cleverness and Western foolishness, are capturing (and ruining) the word "peace" just as they have the word democracy. Very naturally, correspondents write to deplore our new habit of using inverted commas when writing of the "peace" campaign. They complain of outrageous misrepresentation in the British press; they declare (I know truthfully) how it came about that in many areas, people volunteered to go to Sheffield because they had no other way of asserting their will to resist the drift towards war. Certainly the pick and choose method used by Mr. Ede at the ports had bad results both inside and outside England. The rejection of well-known people from Joliot-Curie downwards has made us look silly, and the result was merely to shift the Conference to the purely propagandist atmosphere of Warsaw. Instead of compelling the delegates at Sheffield to listen to Western demands that Russian as well as American policy should change, all criticism has been boiled down to a few counter-propaganda speeches, much publicised in the West, but little noticed, I fear, in Warsaw. We learnt at Wroclaw how little impression a single critical speech makes in a Communist-dominated Conference in Eastern Europe. My own feeling is that an opportunity was missed, and that the only recourse for peace-makers now is to concentrate on one or two practical issues—the basis of talks with Russia, the problem of German rearmament and the behaviour of MacArthur in Korea.

* * *

Just why the tiny Republic of El Salvador should insist on formally indicting China for aggression in Tibet, no one seems to know, though some think the Vatican could clear up the mystery. None of the big Powers want the issue pressed because China's legal rights in the matter are ambiguous and, anyway, no one can do anything about it. I notice that the 1945 Edition of the Official *China Handbook* lists Tibet as a "special territory" of China. There has never been agreement about the frontiers between China and Tibet since the 1911 rebellion when the Chinese were expelled from Lhasa. The disturbing part of the Mao Tse-tung's move into Tibet is not that he should wish to extend the Chinese revolution over the vast areas of Tibet, but that he should do so with a show of force at a time when China was negotiating on the subject with India. Delhi cannot be indifferent, since two terrific, but not impossible, invasion routes pass through Tibet into India. In India the result has already been to weaken Nehru's role as a friend of China and to start the old, but formidable, Patel talking about guarding the Northern frontier.

* * *

Francis Williams, whose eloquent letter in protest against the summary dismissal of

Tom Hopkinson from the editorship of *Picture Post*, appeared in this journal last week, is to take the Chair at a meeting on "Korea, China and World Peace" in Kingsway Hall at 7 p.m. next Monday. Tom Hopkinson himself will be one of the speakers. The others are the editor of this journal and Tom Driberg, who is just back from Korea where he risked his seat in the House by much over-staying his leave. If the Conservative Party had been in office during the last six months, meetings and demonstrations about Korea would have taken place in every part of Great Britain. As it is, the development of a peace policy about China has been more sophisticated. Audiences to whom I have spoken are quick to see the difference between the United Nations action in South Korea and MacArthur's exploits in Formosa or in Korea, North of the 38th Parallel. To-day, with the Government itself obviously anxious to avoid any conflict with the Chinese Government, peace-lovers of all kinds, including stalwart adherents of collective security, are on firm ground in beginning a programme of meetings and demonstrations against war with China and in favour of making it clear that British troops are not expendable in MacArthur's private war.

* * *

Allan Lane's Penguin books did more than even Victor Gollancz's Left Book Club to prove in the 'Thirties that there was a large and hungry public ready to read serious books if they could be bought cheaply. I recall the astonishment of orthodox publishers when books on current politics by writers like Geoffrey Garratt and Madame Tabouis so'd by the hundred thousand. To-day you may see at 117 Piccadilly an exhibition of Penguins, Pelicans, King Penguins and King Pelicans, Puffins, and less ornithologically-named series; they make a charming collection. About five hundred titles are now in print apart from various other individual books, guides and periodicals. Some 150 million Penguin books of one sort or another have been sold in the last fifteen years. We are still an ignorant lot, incapable, as every writer knows, of sustained attention and capable of reading exactly the opposite of the sense conveyed by the words—if the sense is not the one we expect. But if we are not as ignorant as we were, if indeed something like a revolution has occurred in our reading habits, we probably owe as much to Allan Lane and his advisers as to anyone.

* * *

Where salmon and trout are concerned the difference between *meum* and *tuum* seems to escape the intellectual grasp of many otherwise law-abiding persons. Particularly in Scotland. The most inveterate poachers of my acquaintance include a well-known novelist, a Writer to the Signet and a Minister of the Free Church. But these hardened offenders, all of whom rationalise their criminality by reference to absentee landlordism and "natural rights," obey rules of their own making: they poach only by "fair fishing" with rod and line; and one of them at least would recoil from the use of any other lure than a fly. So, however much they may deplore the increase from £5 to £10 in the maximum penalty for "rod and line" poaching prescribed in the new Salmon Protection Bill, these "sporting" marauders will surely applaud the much stiffer sanctions now to be applied against wholesale raids on rivers and lochs by organised gangs. Supplying London and other big markets with salmon and sea-trout had become, in fact, a genuine racket. The clumsy use of explosives had given way to the much neater, more effective and less easily detectable technique of electrifying the water, from which car-loads of paralysed fish could be hurried South. Even Highlanders—not notable for respect for law—were shocked at that.

* * *

I had just finished my crumpet and drunk my coffee when my attention was attracted by a subdued titter from the waitresses near me. No, I was not the joke. I followed their eyes and saw an odd figure some little way off in the shop. It wore a grey woollen cap and some kind of a jerkin; the legs were bare below the knees and the feet were shod in a pair of plimsoles. The area from the waist to the knee was very decently covered in a pair of dark navy blue bloomers. "Why," I said to the girl as I paid my bill, "is she dressed like that?" "I cannot imagine," said the girl, "she is always like that all weathers. First I thought she was cycling, but she wasn't. I think she can't be quite right in her head. It's not natural, is it?" My eye noted the waitress's own permed hair and neat uniform with the starched white collar. "Oh no," I said, putting on my overcoat lest anyone should see I was wearing trousers, "Oh no, it's not natural."

CRITIC

DOLLARS AND THE DEVIL

Europe's federation leaves the nation
cool and calm,
Speed-up of rearmament is faced without a qualm,
Nationalisation evokes no public thrill,
But it's quite a different matter
with the Sunday Opening Bill.
Ban the Sunday revel,
Sabbatarians pray,
Going to the devil
The Continental way.
Roller-Coasters, Dodgems,
The Sunday peace will kill,
Morals are endangered by the
Sunday Opening Bill.

Crisis in the Commons, freed from Whips' controls,
Members of all Parties wrestle with their souls,
Sunday vested interests to the Lobbies all repair,
Labour courts damnation with the
Festival Fun Fair.
Festival of Britain,
Costly dollar trap,
Those with conscience smitten
Spread the dollar gap.
Gold reserves are raided,
Gold we ill can spare,
Dollars are invested in the Festival Fun Fair.

Festival of Britain pays back Marshall Aid,
Britain's way of life on view
attracts the dollar trade,
Battersea's bear-garden will be the brightest yet,
Near to Coney Island as Battersea can get.
Ghost trains, Haunted Houses,
What the Butler Saw,
Innocent carouses
Break no moral law,
Sundays are the peak days,
Beat the Barebones threat,
Britain will be needing all that Battersea can get.

Conscientious scruples—Britain can't decide—
Why not make the conscience of America
our guide?
Festival in danger—something must be done,
Dollars are invested in the Festival of Fun.
Sunday opposition,
Sunday fun tabu—
Send a Commons' Mission,
Get the Yankee view.
Bring back a decision,
Pleasing everyone—
Why not ask Americans if they like Sunday fun?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

We are asked to state that Miss — did not stroke the cow which tossed her. It was some distance from her at first, but after she had said "Good morning" to it, the animal rushed at her.—*Hertfordshire Pictorial*. (Norman Dowdy.)

A correspondent has taken us to task for referring to the Russians as "sub-human." . . . Maybe we should have written, "sub-British." We did not mean any offence to the Russians.—*South London News*. (David Kerr.)

A collie dog has won a 14-day trip to the Riviera in an Ashford competition.—*Evening Standard*. (O. Catenburg.)

So highly does Sir Graham Cunningham, chairman of the Triplex Safety Glass Company, esteem the Old School Tie that he proposes to give his factory employees the benefits of such an advantage.

To 60 workers who have been employed by the firm for 21 years each he has presented ties striped in red, black and gold, with the firm's trade mark appearing between the stripes.—*Daily Worker*. (J. North.)

In spite of the public attention focused on their city, the people of Sheffield are strangely apathetic.

One Sheffielder sums it up thus: "To us it's just a foreign visitation. We prefer football."—*News Chronicle*. (H. Galliner.)

The Trouble About the Saar

THE trouble about the Saar region is that the people insist on being Germans. If only they were French—if they would even develop a separate patriotism as Saarlanders, like the Swiss or the Luxembourgers—everything would be so much easier. The French authorities point out with perfect truth, and with perfect irrelevance so far as local sentiment is concerned, that the Saar is economically inseparable from France. This for three reasons. First, the steel industry of the Saar cannot function without iron ore from Lorraine. Secondly, France provides a natural market for the Saar's coal. Thirdly, the Saar's farmers cannot feed a quarter of the population, and it is easier for the food to come from France than from Germany, especially now that Germany has lost her Eastern granary. And history supports the French contentions. Since the Saar industries have existed on any significant scale, the territory has always been economically unified with Lorraine—except for the 1935 to 1940 period under Hitler.

From 1945, the French decided to exclude all possibility of the Saar's reversion to Ger-

many. In 1947, with the approval of Britain and America, they separated the territory from their zone of occupation, held elections, and constituted it as a separate State, completely distinct from Germany, economically unified with France and using the franc, and presided over by a French High Commissioner whose powers of veto are to be used only when the elected government acts in a way which might endanger the economic *rattachement*. They feel that their rule has been of benefit to the Saar, and in many ways this is true. The Saar has never been hungrier than France and not nearly as hungry as Germany. It has been immune from dismantling. It has had to accommodate no Eastern refugees. It has a guaranteed market, and is able to retain for local use a higher proportion of its production than Hitler allowed (39 per cent of strip steel in 1949, compared with 23 per cent in 1938). The building of secondary industries—chemicals, machine-tools, coal by-products—has been stimulated.

Many influential citizens see things the same way; they prefer a policy of peace and co-operation to the strikes and shootings of 1919 to 1923, and point out that the hand of the High Commissioner lies lightly on the region and that few French troops are in evidence. In fact, there would be no problem, but for the stubborn feeling of being German and wanting to be part of Germany manifested by almost the whole population. When you tell a Saarlander that his livelihood depends on the *rattachement* and the Lorraine ore, he will shrug: "*Das mag auch sein*," and go on explaining that he is German, he speaks German, and he wants to cast his lot with his fellow-Germans. This feeling among the Saarlanders is perhaps the most striking contemporary example, next to the existence of Pakistan, of the victory in men's minds of national or religious sentiment over economic interest.

One need not be long in the Saar to see that, worthy and devoted men though the Ministers are, Europe has few instances of a Government so remote from popular feeling. With one accord, Ministers and officials assure the visitor that, if there were a plebiscite, 80 per cent of the people would vote for the *rattachement*. With equal unanimity and confidence, shopkeepers, taxi-drivers, and building workers declare that 95 per cent would vote for reunion with Germany. The essential fact is that there hasn't been a plebiscite. True, the elections of 1947 gave the parties pledged to support the economic union 48 of the 50 seats in Parliament, and recent municipal elections yielded a similar result. Two considerations, however, cast doubt on this apparently impressive vote. First, the elections were viewed by the people with considerable cynicism. I was never able to get a shred of real evidence that they did not conform to the best democratic standards. But I was often told that the French got the result they wanted, and one worker remarked slyly that he had been "clever enough" to vote for a pro-French candidate. Unhappily, an election is equally futile if it is rigged or if people simply think it is rigged. Secondly, the only party opposed to the *rattachement* was and is the Communist Party. For reasons which have nothing to do with the Saar, and which apply equally in Essen or Berlin—tales of the retention of German prisoners in Russia—most people did not want to vote Communist. Thus, it is rather casuistical to say that they had a chance to reject the pro-French candidates—especially as the French would never have tolerated a Communist government and are now energetically prosecuting the Communist leaders and banning their press.

Furthermore, the economic union is not quite such an attractive proposition in 1950 as it was in 1947. In the event, it has proved at least as beneficial to France as to the Saar, and this fact has given rise to talk of exploitation. Not only does France badly need the Saar's high-grade steel, but she finds the Saar coal an absolute necessity. It amounts to a fifth of the total French output, and will become yet more vital when the worked-out pits in central France have to be closed. (As this will cause unemployment, it means that the word *rattachement* isn't popular with the French worker either.)

Meanwhile the existing structure of the Saar's industry is rather peculiar. The mines have always been State owned and are now managed by a French *régie*, whose friends say it has sunk money in mechanisation, but which is also accused of getting the coal out cheap. The steel and other factories belong either to French capitalists linked with the Creusot group, or to a Belgian concern, or to the French State as a result of "sequestration"—that is, confiscation of German concerns on the sometimes suspect plea that the owners were Nazis. Very little industry is in either German or Saarlander hands. Recently, two steel plants and a dynamite works have been taken by the French as reparations—something which the Saarlanders thought wasn't going to happen. This situation is naturally wounding and a further grievance is that the bulk of Marshall Aid—administered by France—goes to sequestered concerns and public utilities. The Saar, anyway, gets a smaller slice of France's Marshall allocation than is warranted by its share in French production.

So far as the worker is concerned, his wages are similar to those paid in France, or in some cases rather lower. Family allowances and pensions—a big item with so many war wounded as well as old-age pensioners—are decidedly lower, and some pensioners are trying to live on 6,000 francs a month. Prices are rising steadily and cannot be controlled, since most consumption goods are imported from uncontrolled France. They have now reached the German level, and this situation, with German workmanship always more popular and the Mark now a strong currency, has given a fillip to the cry for reunion with the Fatherland. Among the thinking workers, the Schuman Plan, which is unreservedly supported by the Government, gives cause for alarm. To be short, they think it is a plan for war. There is substance in this charge, for the Minister of Economics told me that, however much one may regret rearmament on general grounds, it must be welcomed as giving a floor to the Saar's economy. It is certain that those influential Frenchmen who support the policy of the Atlantic Pact but oppose German rearmament do so on the grounds that France can make a sufficient productive effort—provided she keeps the Saar.

It would be false to present the Saar as a country held down by alien force. Ordinary freedom and civil liberties exist—but they exist on the condition, and during the continuance, of a harmonious co-operation between the elected authorities and the French. The Conventions signed in March, 1950, while they consolidate the economic union, extend the Government's powers; but these Conventions, through design or oversight, have not yet been ratified by the French Assembly. It may mean nothing, but a politician suspect in French eyes—he thinks that the Saar could be economically linked to France while being politically a twelfth *Land* of the German Federal Republic—told me that walls have ears and stopped talking when other people came into the hotel lounge where we met. In short, a case can be made out, and well supported, for saying that the Saar has gained and still gains by the French connection. But nobody can say the Saarlanders like it.

MERVYN JONES

Saarbrücken.

So They Say...

THE treatment of a question in the House of Commons last week, and a provocative supplementary to it, illustrates the importance of the power of selection in the British press.

First, the question. Tom Driberg asked, on Thursday, what steps were being taken to set up a Press Council as recommended by the Royal Commission on the Press in July, 1949. Mr. Morrison replied that he could get nothing definite from the Newspaper Proprietors Association, that he did not think the proprietors had acted with the full sense of urgency which Parliament was entitled to expect of them, and that he hoped they would not keep the House and the public waiting much longer.

Tom Driberg then embarked on a supplementary question. "Will my right hon. friend consider pointing out to the N.P.A. that it would have been an advantage if the Council had been in existence to investigate, for instance, the recent sacking of the editor of *Picture Post* because he dared to try and print a factual report——" At this point, according to the Press Association, cries from the Opposition drowned the end of the sentence, which was: "—— on events in Korea?" The Speaker told Driberg that he was putting forward a "particular point of view"; and, after a Conservative question whether the Press Council would also be responsible for "roving correspondents," the matter was closed.

The daily papers reported Morrison's reply, but only *The Times* printed the subsequent exchange in full. Even the *Manchester Guardian* stopped short of reporting what Driberg said Tom Hopkinson had been sacked *for*. The *Daily Telegraph* left out the supplementary

question about Hopkinson and Korea, but left in the witticism about roving correspondents. The *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Herald*, *News Chronicle*, *Daily Mirror*, and *Daily Graphic* completely ignored the story.

The Silver Lining

To those long convinced of the iniquities of the capitalist press, it may be salutary to provide an occasional reminder that the Labour exceptions may have their foibles, too. When Lord Lucas, for example, stated in the House of Lords last week that he was tired of hearing Mr. Aneurin Bevan's "one-stringed fiddle" references to the press, the only paper which did not print this Ministerial rebuke to another Minister was the *Daily Herald*. This, as the *Daily Mail* gleefully commented, despite the fact that Mr. Bevan has recommended the *Herald* as a "reliable newspaper."

To the *Herald*, however, must go the award for the most sunny headline for many weeks past. On Tuesday the Minister of Fuel explained that several million tons of coal would have to be bought from America or elsewhere. Whereas the *News Chronicle* headline read: BRITAIN BUYING FOREIGN COAL: NOEL-BAKER SHOCKS M.P.S., and the *Daily Graphic* put it: DOLLARS TO SAVE WINTER COAL CRISIS, the *Herald* said: BOOMING BRITAIN OUTPACES PITS.

AUTOLYCUS

Crisis in Israel

[The results of the municipal elections held in Israel last week show a considerable loss of votes by Mapai, the Prime Minister's party. The Religious Bloc, included in the 1949 Coalition, has more or less held its ground, and Mapam lost a little. The significant gain scored has been by the General Zionists—a party representing business interests and standing broadly for a *laissez-faire* economy. In the following article, a correspondent, writing before these elections, outlines the background to the economic and political crisis in Israel.]

IN February, 1949, when Mr. David Ben Gurion was charged, as leader of Mapai, the largest party in the Knesset, with forming the first Government of Israel, he had the choice of making an all-Labour Government by including representatives of the second largest party, the United Workers (Mapam), or of picking out representatives of the larger Right-wing parties and forming a Government of the Centre. It was not, for him, a difficult choice. Mapam, oppositionist in temper and revolutionary in theory, had undesirable international relations and was led by a band of powerful personalities, with whom he had little in common save memories of the Hashomer and the malaria. The largest Right-wing party, the Religious Bloc, on the other hand, possessed no political doctrine; its views on the international situation were inarticulate; and it represented an assembly of professional Rabbis, synagogue wardens, religious workers and other Jews who hoped to see the return of the Law of Israel. In a land where sand dunes turn into plantations almost overnight, memories have shorter lives than dreams; the Religious Bloc was invited to join the Government on what was then known as the programme of "ingathering the exiles." It was from the outset a mixed marriage; and, like most marriages of this kind, it went well until the arrival of the children.

The recent Government crisis which led to the breaking up of the coalition and the resignation of Mr. Ben Gurion surprised very few people. For no sooner was the Government formed than the Rabbis begun to worry about the education of the immigrant children, calling for the "abolition of the Histadrut influence on the minds of the young" and charging Mapai with the wilful and forcible cutting off the side-whiskers—a mark of piety—of the Yemenite children in the immigrant camps. Having won one inquiry, they started demanding one investigation after another, and sought to write into the policy of the Government their views on what the army should do on the Sabbath, and who should have the final say in matters of marriage and divorce. The religious faction in the Knesset became an instrument of social policy, and became more exacting as the split grew wider and more permanent between the Mapai and the Mapam. "How can we stand by" declared the *Hatsofeh*, the religious daily, in one or its recent issues, "and watch thousands of our children being torn away from their parents and handed over to teachers who neither fear nor believe in God?"

Nevertheless, the Agudath Israel, a religious workers' movement which is one of the four constituents in the Bloc, invited the Prime Minister to address their Seventh Conference held immediately after the conference of Mapai. Ben Gurion came to the conference, not as an opponent but as a teacher. He did not seek to conciliate the delegates, made no cheap comparisons between the two labour movements, and courted no favours. He read the audience a lecture on the spiritual foundations of Israel, and reminded them that he was the Prime Minister of the world's smallest and most hard-pressed State. He left the platform amid a storm of applause which no religious gathering here had ever given to its own leader.

The Prime Minister's triumph was short-lived. The non-Labour section, and particularly the leadership of the Religious Bloc outside the Knesset were not amused by the Socialist Prime Minister's display of his knowledge of the Kaballah. What worried them most was that the Ministry of Education under an ailing and scholarly Minister was in the hands of active members of the Israel Labour Party, and that the economic situation for which they bore responsibility was showing all the signs of catastrophe. When the Prime Minister tabled his proposals for the reform of the Cabinet, they demanded a share in Ministry of Education and a distribution of offices which would, in their opinion, safeguard economic recovery.

This the Prime Minister was not prepared to concede. He reminded them that the Mapai was still the largest single political party in the land, and that without his party there can be no Government based on the present Knesset. He gave them time to think things over till the Sunday on which the Knesset opened, and, having failed to obtain their agreement, went to Rechovoth and laid before the President his resignation. After three weeks of negotiations, bitter recriminations and a debate which was as brilliant and as violent as anything the Knesset has had in the course of its short lifetime, the Religious Bloc climbed down and accepted a compromise solution which was more of a solution than a compromise. It was apparent that the Prime Minister was the same man who nearly two years ago had sunk the *Altalena* and with it the hopes of the Irgun, and who had sacked the three best commanders of the Haganah because he wanted an army and not a workers' General Staff.

The primary causes of the present crisis are, of course, economic. In the last three months the food situation has taken a turn for the worse and is causing great anxiety. At the moment of writing it is almost impossible to get any sugar, butter, margarine, potatoes or green vegetables. There is practically no meat and what there is is of poorest quality imaginable. There is no soap and alarmingly little baby food. The Government's recent action against the black market has checked the "under-the-counter" trade, but it is becoming evident that so steeped is the country in the dual marketing system that nothing short of closing all the shops will stop it. Jewish shopkeepers don't like the idea of rationing, and have met the Government's decree to ration clothes with a country-wide strike. At the headquarters of the Anti-Black-Market Drive set up recently in Tel-Aviv it is felt that only by the building up of reserves and honouring rations will the Government be able to eradicate the black market, which has assumed fantastic proportions. A pound of sugar costs 25s., a medium size chicken £8, eggs 2s. 6d. each, a cake of soap 10s. The most depressing thing, however, is that food shortages, coupled with shortages in housing and services, have created vast fields of corruption and demoralisation which have affected the Kibbutzim, the economic institutions of Histadrut and the co-operative movement. The Right-wing press is making great play of the fact that fourteen communal settlements have been involved in illicit trade.

The deflationary policy launched by the Government early last Spring has been very disappointing, and the attempt to stabilise wages failed in a number of industries—for instance, in the building trade, where black market labour now amounts to one-fifth of the total labour force available in the industry. With industrial production at a very low level, principally because of shortages of raw materials, too much currency is chasing too few imported goods, and there is a flight of funds out of the country. Moreover, the trade deficit shows no sign of getting smaller: this year it is estimated that some £120 millions' worth of goods will be imported, against £15 millions exported. With over a hundred thousand immigrants in the reception and labour camps, and with the 90,000 expected in the next six months, the eyes of Israel are anxiously focused on the present conference of American Jewry. So far, the "Billion Dollars" promise is only a slogan; and, as the liberal *Haaretz* has put it, "not only do we live on next year's promises, but we now live on promises which will be made next year." The same paper complains that much of the next year's citrus crop is being eaten green.

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Last year when we revived our twenty-seven-year-old Christmas custom, only interrupted by war and post-war conditions, of inviting our readers to combine their Christmas gifts with helping us to find new readers, we expected a big response. We were not disappointed; indeed, we were nearly overwhelmed both in London and New York. From the word "go" the names poured in and all previous 'records' were broken with thousands to spare! In repeating the offer this year we undertake that no matter how generous our readers, how long their lists, we will cope with them without any delay.

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Foreign Specialist

I WAS talking with a friend who used to be a Naval radar officer and now keeps a radio shop. He had referred with contempt to the uproar in the jingo press over the Pontecorvo affair. It seems that he had had some experience of letting alien technicians into military secrets: he had sat on some kind of Board of Examiners to deal with foreign radio specialists who, during the war, had fled from their occupied country and offered their anti-Nazi services to Britain. My friend spoke of a certain French radar officer who went by the name of Jones; for most of the foreign volunteers who served as Englishmen, rather than as Free French or Free Poles and so forth, apparently used English names.

I also had known Jones: he had been an engineer at one of the principal Continental commercial broadcasting stations—a vulgar, complacent, amiable man, something over thirty. His illusion that he was grand company, and must be welcome anywhere, was occasionally tiresome. He spoke a sort of comprehensible but unbeautiful English with facility, and he had a way of picking up the more scabrous phrases of Service language and slightly misapplying them. Perhaps it was done deliberately. It was moderately funny, but on the whole Jones was not an asset to those Francophils among us who would have welcomed someone a little less brash, a shade more percipient, as a sample of the Great Nation with which to confound our Franco-phobes.

Jones talked copiously, interminably of the books he had read, the girls he had loved. Those were his subjects. The books were all deep and the girls all ravishing. The odd thing was that he was not like that at all: he was a product of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and a decent, bourgeois little man. Your polytechnician is a sound mathematician, but literature is not his subject. It certainly was not Jones's subject, although he seemed to pique himself on his knowledge of the English classics. He once told us, at great length, the story of a film he had seen, called *Les Hauts du Hurlevent* from a book by, he said, the author of *Anthony Adverse*: we none of us recognized the title, but it did emerge, from his account, that the film must have been *Wuthering Heights*.

I fancy that his loves were as bogus as his literacy. He might, albeit awkwardly enough, have been playing, for our benefit, the part of the dyed-in-the-wool Frenchman of English vulgar imagination: artistic, you know, educated, but at the same time deliciously amorous. His eternal books and girls inspired one of our number—we were junior officers on a Course—who either read Gibbon or possessed a book of useful quotations, to put up a performance at dinner which was a wild success: he compared Jones to the younger Gordian, and quoted, solemnly, magnificently word-perfect in that incomparable prose:

> Twenty-two acknowledged concubines and a library of sixty-two thousand volumes attested the variety of his inclinations, and from the product which he left behind him, it appears that the former, as well as the latter, were for use rather than ostentation.

But it was not in the least true of poor Jones, who was an essentially respectable and mechanical man. Indeed, before he left us, he married an Englishwoman who, he assured us, was a lady of excellent family. She was certainly a nice little thing, a Wren, formerly a cotton operative, with a Bolton accent as broad as it was pleasant.

I knew all this about Jones from personal acquaintance, and also that he was a first-rate electrician, with an astonishing flair for quick diagnosis of faults in electronic apparatus. If only he had not been quite so smugly aware of his own superior quickness and precision! And if only he had not so enjoyed displaying his talent that he would officiously butt in on any job in hand, invited or not, and triumphantly demonstrate the disadvantage, in the mechanical sciences, of what, as an old-fashioned middle-class Frenchman, he undoubtedly thought of as *le flegme brittanique*!

"'Ere," he would say, "let me 'ave a go. You 'ave 'ad it." And had it, thenceforth, we surely had. His colloquialisms, rarely correctly placed, were always in audible inverted commas.

There was a passing-out examination at the end of the radar course. There was talk of allowing Jones to write his papers in French because his written English was impossible. There were objections to this, and in the end they arranged to give him a *viva voce*. My friend, who was really connected with Security, sat on the examining Board because of his fluent French. The Chairman of the Board, a Schoolmaster Commander, did not approve of foreign volunteers being used in top-secret work. That disapproval, and the spirit of impatience with Jones's ways which some weeks of his company had engendered, resulted in a certain coldness, not to say hostility, on the part of the Board which examined him. My friend told me this part. He said that Jones sensed the coolness in the air of the room, reacted to the dead-pan courtesy of his examiners by a kind of alert sharpness which was impressive. But his assurance remained intact; he pounced hungrily upon each technical question.

The examiners put Jones through an ordeal of very difficult questions, mercilessly trying to lead him beyond his depth. But it was quite useless; his answers were swift and, allowing for his imperfect English and lapses into French, exact. Answering one question concerning the propagation of electro-magnetic waves in wave-guides, he covered two blackboards with Differential calculations, with all the rapid assurances of a thorough polytechnician. Jones's performance, indeed, was so admirable that it made an impression on the examiners. The temperature of the room rose several degrees, the examining officers relaxed and allowed themselves to appear less unfriendly. The Chairman, my friend said, gave expression to this when, with his last question, he began to stuff his pipe with tobacco, thereafter dismissing Jones with an amiable and slightly apologetic smile, and, "Well, I think that'll do, Jones. Thank you. I dare say you know how well you've done?"

Jones's grin and nod, as he rose, were more complacent than ever; they implied that this, precisely, was what he had expected. It was not in the man to resist some reference to the former coldness and suspicion of the examiners, to refrain from emphasising his undoubted triumph. He stood at the foot of the table, shaking a playful finger at the Commander. He beamed round, a good sport, a forgiving Christian, at his other tormentors. "Ah, gentlemen," he said, "I know . . . you think that I know f—— nothing! But you see how you were wrong! In the end I know f—— all."

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE NEW OLD VIC

THE best criticism I have heard of Mr. Hugh Hunt's production of *Twelfth Night*—with which the Old Vic make a welcome return to their old home in the Waterloo Road—was contained in a remark by a friend who listened to a description of it and then said: "I see, in other words, it managed to be both arty *and* hearty." It is just that. Its best bits are the hearty bits, centred round a fine scarlet-faced, broad-bottomed, big-bellied, rasping Roger Livesey as Sir Toby. Its worst bits are the arty framework which the producer has thought fit to provide. There are the simpering attendants on Olivia. There is a chorus of boys in beards and girls in urchin cuts, who round off each scene with a skip of dancing, lots of hurraying, clapping of hands, smacking of knees, and who are always there at the dramatic moments to "back up" the action with a concerted snarl or a burst of mocking laughter or a shaking of fists. Then there are the clowns who turn themselves over at the dropping of any one of the inaudible jokes; or keep striking attitudes taken from early theatrical engravings, or jumping over a bench before you know where you are.

Commedia dell' arte, we are doubtless meant to feel; and I am bound to admit that I start with an ineradicable prejudice against this kind of posturing and mumming, while those who enjoy it may not feel so strongly as I do. I think that all this belongs not merely to another age which cannot be revived, but also to a different zonal temperament, which we cannot ape. Twentieth-century English boys and girls, even when they are dressed up Guardi-Italianate, only make one sweat with embarrassment as they huzzah around, trying to be uninhibitedly Latin. Obviously none of this framework is necessary—*Twelfth Night* is not so bad a comedy as all that. On the other hand if it came off it might be a pleasing enough addition. But it is not in any case a substitute for getting a little nearer the heart of the play. *Twelfth Night* runs through a wide gradation of mood, from the lowest farce with Sir Toby Belch, to the highest comedy with Orsino and Olivia, and even touches a disturbing chord or two beyond that, with the humiliation of Malvolio, for instance. Mr. Hunt's production misses most of the shades except the lowest, and the arty intrusions, being strictly irrelevant, do not obscure the loss and cannot compensate for it.

Most of the low comedy is inventively and amusingly put over. Mr. Roger Livesey is a rich, bursting Sir Toby, who never misses an opportunity for a bit of business, but never gives us too much, never a belch or a stagger in excess, and he remains—that priceless attribute in an actor—always in perfect command. Then he and the producer have thought of some delightful new devices. The ladder balanced as a see-saw over

COLD STEEL

STEEL is the skeleton which supports the structure of modern civilization. Great Britain was the pioneer and is still pre-eminent in the production of steel—witness the world-wide fame of the name Sheffield, and such modern British triumphs as the development of manganese and stainless steels. This pre-eminence is in large part due to the work of the British chemist, for steel more than any other metal is the result of close liaison between the foundry and the laboratory. Its manufacture is a matter as precise as the dispensing of a medicine prescription. It is the chemist who evolves the formula, analyses the product during the making and tests the finished article. No more than a dozen years ago British research perfected a method of improving the quality of steel by purifying pig-iron. Alike for needle and anchor, for the myriad uses of the parent metal and its countless family of alloys, steel is compounded by the chemist. Nor is the chemistry of iron and steel limited to the metal itself, but extends to its by-products and to the by-products of these by-products. In a sense the output of the blast-furnace is pig-iron. By virtue of the chemist the blast-furnace also yields fertilisers, cement, valuable oils and tar; and from tar, eventually organic chemicals, including dyes and medicinal products. It is the chemist's privilege not only to ensure that British steel shall continue to lead the world, but that the transmutation of the raw material shall at every stage render its full quota for the common good.

ICI

the wine barrel in the first act is a splendid invention, and the fight between Aguecheek and Cesario-Viola in the second is another piece of perfect comic production. Mr. Eddison's Aguecheek has, by this time, settled into something faintly feasible; all the same I found the kind of death's head stuck on the end of a gangling broomstick which he made of himself a curiously pointless fantastic, which fitted in nowhere. We were surprised to find Malvolio played by Mr. Paul Capon as a comic, with a red nose and a touch of George Robey. And though he carried out the conception amusingly (at least up to his assault upon Olivia in the cross-gartered yellow stockings) the conception itself is so obviously wrong that one wonders why it was left in; it necessarily takes out of the ending that hint of the world of shadows which is an important ingredient of this romantic comedy. Not that anyone coming to the play for the first time through this production would think of classing it as a Romantic Comedy. The Romantic note is almost studiously avoided from the very first moment when Mr. Alec Clunes as Orsino delivers "If music be the food of love" with a jaunty smile as if he were handing us an arguable proposition. No, coming to it for the first time through this production, one would class it as a Fantasticated Farce, a very enjoyable, brisk and romping one. Even so one might think that there was altogether too much movement on the stage too often. Weren't, one might innocently object, some of the lines rather funny too in their own right—if only one could catch more of them?

And this is born out by the fact that apart from the broad comedy the best scene is the stillest: the scene in Orsino's palace where he talks of love with Viola while Feste sings "Come away, Death," and the page-Viola stands intensely watching him, referring his passion to herself. Miss Peggy Ashcroft was at her best here too, acting the scene with a charming unforced gentleness, and speaking the lovely language beautifully. Otherwise the Orsino-Olivia thread was sadly missing; and it was here that the producer might have concentrated his attempts to find a style. Herbert Farjeon called these two characters "Creations in the subtlest comic vein, the one in love with love, the other in love with death," and he added (his notices are full of such pregnant condensations):

> If this were realised by the actors the flexibility of their affection manifested in the final scenes would stay within the bounds of comedy, instead of edging over the borderline into something almost Sophoclean.

I should not like to end without re-emphasising that this production, for all its shortcomings and misplacements, comes over to the spectator with enormous vitality, verve and high spirits. In the battle between its predominant elements at least the hearty holds its own against the arty, and less sophisticated playgoers will enjoy themselves immensely. I have concentrated on the defects for this particular reason: it strikes me that if the commercial theatre is always liable to the infection of vulgarity, the besetting danger of our subsidised theatre at the moment may very well turn out to be artiness.

T. C. WORSLEY

POINTILLISM AND THE CAMDEN TOWN GROUP

IMPRESSIONISM is a word to be argued about for ever. What are the temporal and technical limits of impressionism? Which painters are to be kept within the category? Degas, Cézanne, Bonnard, are these names to be included? Is the word to be turned backwards upon the history of art so as to include Velasquez and Constable, Watteau and Gainsborough, even Pompeian wall paintings? The word has become as elusive as "romanticism" and the situation was not made easier by the invention of such expedient forms as Neo-Impressionism and Post-impressionism. Pointillism, on the other hand, offers no such problems, for what it describes is a method and not an aesthetic, and Signac's definition, vague as it is, may serve as well as any other.

> This method assures the benefits of luminosity, colour and harmony: by the optical mixture of uniquely pure pigments (all the tints of the prism and their tones); by the balancing of these elements and their proportions (according to the laws of contrast, gradation and irradiation); by the selection of a brush stroke commensurate with the size of the canvas.

Pointillism, then, was the transformation into a pseudo-scientific system of colour principles which may be tracked in every successful painting in which colour plays more than a descriptive part. Seurat and his followers were to draw their methods out of the practice of older contemporaries like Monet, in the same way as Hogarth abstracted his serpentine line out of Baroque practice.

The present exhibition at the Redfern "The Pointillists and their Period" proves, if proof is needed, that such a theory can no more inflate talent into genius than any other, that it can indeed in some cases, as Goethe's colour theories have also done, turn a harmless mediocrity into something unpleasantly assertive. The weak and conventional forms in "Pine Trees, Bay of St. Tropez" by Henri-Edmond Cross shout raucously because of the hail of primary and secondary colours which beat upon the sight. What makes Seurat a splendid painter, to all those who can see farther than the spots before their eyes, has nothing to do with pointillism, but everything to do with his command of space composition, his gift for dividing a canvas into a tense pattern of intervals, his penetrating draughtsmanship and a tender sympathy for the gestures and movements of the human figure, whether on the scale of 'the bathers' in the Tate or the tiny studies of the nude in the Jeu de Paume. The few intervals marked out in the landscape in this show, a picture which belonged to Roger Fry, are perfectly adjusted and the painting has an austere refulgence. Compare the Maximilian Luce of "The Thames, South Bank" with this—or more appropriately with "Pont de Covrbevoie" in the Courtauld collection, for the two pictures are made from much the same material. The Luce has a superficial dazzle but little else, and brightness of surface, even if it is an atmospheric brightness, is a minor quality in painting. That is not to say that there are no discoveries to be made in this very interesting show. There is a Lucien Pissarro of Eragny, painted before he settled in England and finer than most of the late work and among the pictures "of the period", there are good things by Guillaumin, Vignon and Lepine, but in so many of the pointillist paintings one is left with little more than a sensation of disembodied brightness, as Alice was left with the grin of the Cheshire cat.

Lucien Pissarro appears also at the Lefevre in the exhibition devoted to the Camden Town Group, that brilliant circle which was officially formed in 1911 and which dissolved into the London Group in 1913. Of the sixteen members some have been forgotten—M. G. Lightfoot, Dunan Turner; others we think of apart from the group—Augustus John, Wyndham Lewis, Henry Lamb. Sickert goes with Camden Town for he painted as well in that locality as anywhere else; his knowledge and sharp intelligence started the whole thing off and he is worthily represented, but it is Spencer Gore and Harold Gilman who are rightfully the stars of the show. Like the pointillists their mature pictures are based upon the properties and operation of pure colour, but they were never led astray by theory. Gore was the passive partner, Gilman the dynamic one. Gore generally held fast to tried subjects and methods, Gilman without any radical distortion of form or any violent expressionism of colour was always poised for experiment and generally had something unfamiliar to offer. He knew as much about the operation of the full range of colour as any English painter since Turner and certainly more than anyone since his own death in 1919. Look at the way in which the vertical row of pale yellow buttons stares off the violet and grey surface of a coat in his portrait of Ruth Dogget, for example. This and many other pictures in a fine exhibition emphasise the need for some detailed examination while the evidence is still on people's tongues, of the years between 1908 and 1915, when English painting was shrugging off the impressionism of the New English Art Club and facing the 20th century. What a rich book could be made from the Camden Town Group, the London Group, Roger Fry's Post-impressionist exhibitions, Vorticism! This is a terrible time for rediscovery, for the easy acceptance of what the plough of curiosity and scholarship has just turned up. For my part I am ready to leave the minor pointillists until a period of famine and explore the more vital and beautiful works of the Camden Town Group.

BASIL TAYLOR

A SYMPHONY AND TWO CONCERTOS

THE motto which Elgar prefixed to his Second Symphony, "Rarely, rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight," might have served also for Alan Rawsthorne's Violin Concerto. In that work, especially in its first movement, the habitual severity and concentration of Rawsthorne's musical style yielded to some lyrical impulse which is usually held in check. It was the first of his works which aroused affection as well as respect; and it has not been played nearly often enough since its introduction two years ago at Cheltenham. In his subsequent music, so far as I know it, Rawsthorne has only grudgingly explored this new vein of poetry. Doubtless, like many young and middle-aged artists all over the world, he fears false romanticism as he fears the devil; and in his almost exclusive preoccupation with pure musical design, he has tended to shun, not only all verbal or programmatic links, but even such displays of emotion as cannot be justified, in the strictest analysis, on purely formal grounds.

Therefore one ought not to be surprised, though I must confess that I was disappointed, to find his first Symphony (which was twice played last week by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under Sir Adrian Boult) a somewhat grey and unalluring work. It is as though he had been too much impressed by the importance of the occasion. "Nothing catchpenny" is a worthy ideal; but the attendant risk is that you may hit on nothing catchpound either. The terseness, concentration and absence of rhetoric are characteristic of Rawsthorne; but none of his works has made on me so negative an impression. I am well aware that the fault may be largely, or wholly, mine. Critics are supposed to "grasp" just a little more than the plain concert-goer; and now and then perhaps they do. But they have their failures; and it would be dishonest to conceal that my reactions, during the four movements of Rawsthorne's symphony, were singularly blank and unresponsive. The slow movement closed on a note of forlorn beauty; and there were some strikingly inventive passages in the finale. But in the opening movement, a thickly scored *Allegro tempestuoso*, I could discern few individual features; and it is hard to imagine a less exhilarating Scherzo.

What made the Symphony unapproachable was dullness of texture and lack of vivid melody, rather than harmonic obscurity. A few nights later, the B.B.C. broadcast another novelty, whose harmony would certainly be harder to construe—on paper. This was the Violin Concerto of Roberto Gerhard, which was played with dazzling skill and beautiful tone by Antonio Brosa, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Hermann Scherchen. Although Gerhard sometimes makes use of the twelve-note technique, and in the slow movement of this work pays homage to Arnold Schönberg, his concerto is anything but scholastic. It tingles with life and pointful energy; it has good themes; it offers to the fiddler a sinuous, brilliant and highly expressive melodic line; and it places the solo part against a many-coloured orchestral

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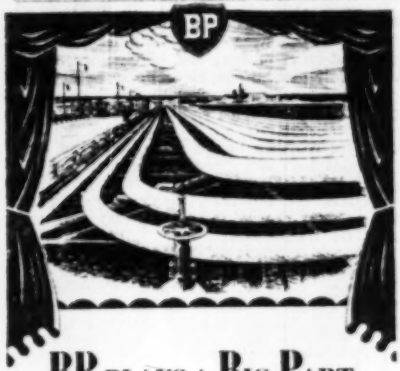

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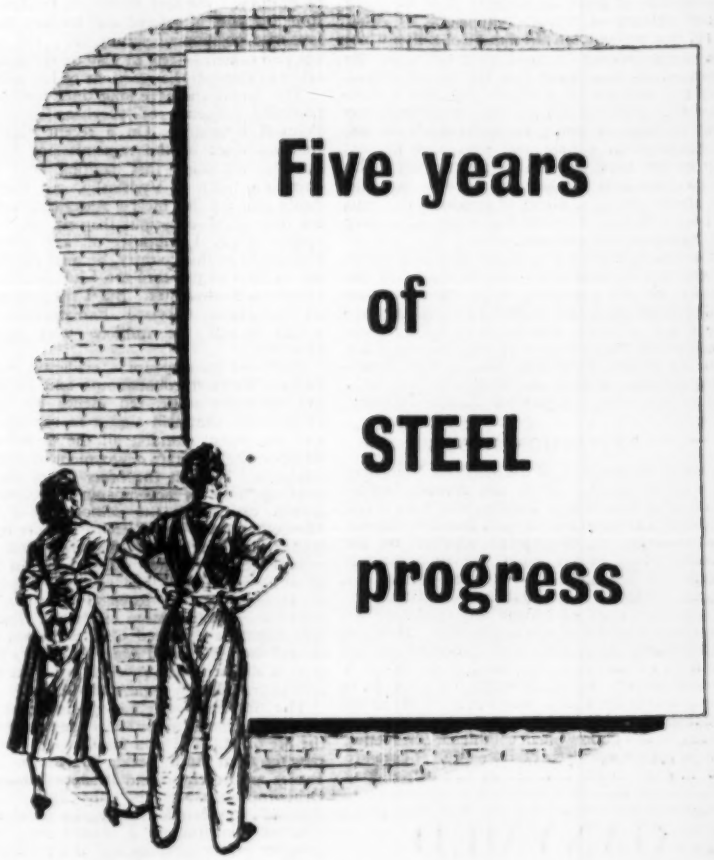

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background of great fascination. It is this finely varied texture—a texture reminiscent of Alban Berg, but without his sad autumnal tints—which keeps the listener charmed even when, for the moment, he may have lost the logical thread. But the concerto is neither loose nor impressionistic. Gerhard can generate expectation over long stretches of time; he understands the arts of preparation, climax and emotional release; and he has been inspired by the memory of his fellow-Spaniard, Sarasate, to provide fantastic, yet always effective, flights of virtuosity and brio. If I were Heifetz, I should find it difficult to keep my hands off this concerto.

Poulenc has brought us a new Piano Concerto. It was, as ever, charming; how he must hate that word! He will cheerfully follow up a grandiose dialogue for piano and brass with something very like a *café chantant* refrain, binding the curious hotch-potch together with a casual grace which is hard to resist. Everything sounds well; everything pleases. But we quickly forget.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TELEVISION NOTES

A BRISK discussion is all the better for being seen as well as heard. There are dramatic values involved in the clash of opinion, and these reveal themselves in facial expressions, gestures, nervous chain-smoking or disgruntled doodling on the agenda. The Friday night television tourney called "In the News" is likely to become the biggest attraction of its kind in broadcasting, for its cut-and-thrust exchanges are reinforced by the visual presence of the contestants. How far screen-appeal may affect our judgment of the doctrines advanced by the panel of specialists is another matter. Robert Boothby, for example, is so easy on the eye that he may win more adherents in debate than Michael Foot, who keeps his face as straight as a Cromwellian commissar conducting ABCA with a squadron of Ironsides. There are two improvements possible in this stimulating programme: the first, to remove Graham Hutton from his post of referee and let him play in his favourite position of scrum-half; the second to use two cameras—one to play on the speaker, the other to ambush the reactions of his colleagues.

The Americans have long since tumbled to the powerful influence of television as a Popular Political Educator. On a recent visit there I watched some of the transmissions from Lake Success, including that exciting bout of all-in wrestling, Jebb *v.* Vyshinsky, and there is no doubt that, by this means, Americans are becoming more U.N.-conscious than we are. There is small chance, I suppose, of any television of Parliament in this country, because our legislators are so keen to preserve the Club-facilities of the Palace of Westminster. But I am convinced that an occasional televised Parliamentary debate would benefit the millions who never read Hansard.

Televised Shakespeare is, evidently, a matter of balance between roundabouts and swings. On the miniature stage, ten inches by eight, the perspectives diminish almost to vanishing-point, and you must abandon all the ceremonial, the fanfares, the elaborate deployment of soldiers and courtiers. But, on the other hand, the camera close-up, and its accompaniment of whispered speech can bring the soliloquies of Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello and Richard II more intimately home than any other materialisation I have experienced, even from a front stall on the edge of an apron stage. The recent TV production of *Richard II* (by Royston Morley) was an impeccable manifestation of Parlour Shakespeare that might have moved Charles Lamb, even, to second thoughts; and Alan Wheatley's performance as Richard was a revelation of what quietness and magnitude can impersonate.

The Stevenson celebrations included a piece called *Tusitala*, an ambitious endeavour to present the life of R. L. S. in a familiar episodic pattern ranging from Auld Reekie to Samoa. Andrew Faulds as Stevenson and Frances Rowe as Mrs. Osbourne were, alas, the only plausible items in this dull, long-winded biography. But the least effective contributors, I should say, were the designer of the settings and the producer, who wholly failed between them to provide any Spirit of Place to the scenes. By some slight manipulation of lights they might have given us some sense of the hot sun of Vailima—but no, it was all as chilly as Princes Street on a November night. There remains no more room in this column except to express summary approval of three successful visitants to the screen: Fred Streeter, who advises us about our gardens with such earthy wit and wisdom; Professor J. Z. Young, who conducted a fascinating demonstration of the mechanism of the human brain; and Ronald Waldman, in "Kaleidoscope," revealing the verbal and visual qualifications of the fine art of compère-ship.

W. E. WILLIAMS

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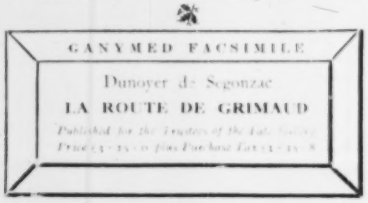

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THE MOVIES

"The Men," at the London Pavilion
"Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," at Warners
"Harriet Craig," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

Of course, *The Men* is an uncomfortable film; since it deals with paralysed ex-servicemen it could hardly be otherwise. But discomfort, in the circumstances, might arise from various causes. To shock by physical mutilation or incapacity is one thing: to enthrall, or seek to enthrall, by its glossy exhibition, quite another. Who does not remember the armless sailor of *The Best Years of Our Lives*? He had great natural charm, and he and his hooks were exploited shamefully. The crisis, you may remember, came with a wedding scene in which the avid congregation pressed forward to watch him juggle with a ring. No more excruciating moment can have been devised in the annals of Hollywood sentiment. And almost the worst thing about it was that it was "well done." More or less, it was accepted.

The theme, therefore, of *The Men* may arouse some suspicions of how it will be treated. (Its advertisement, by the way, has been peculiarly atrocious.) But the film itself quickly dispels any such dread. While the titles are going up, the eye irresistibly dives beyond to a scene of men creeping along a street to attack; the sequence acquires an unusually grave tension, the titles clear; a lieutenant steps out of cover, waits a moment, beckons his men on, and receives a bullet in his spine. So begins the drama of the wheel-chairs.

And drama, not mere demonstration (compassionate or insensitive), it certainly is. The experience of the individual "paraplegic" (paralysed from the waist down) implies naturally three states. The isolation of pain and drugs, the almost closed world of the public ward, the world outside to which a cripple must, if he lives, return. Of course these states overlap, and each one tends to become permanent in face of the difficulties of the next. Our ex-lieutenant proves to be a hard case. For years he won't see anyone, won't start to get better within the limits prescribed; he resists the high-and-dry atmosphere of joking acceptance among his fellow-patients; and when at last he marries the girl who has been trying to draw him on, it's only to come back, furiously propelling himself along the corridors, next day. It needs dismissal by the hospital committee, composed of the men themselves, to prise him out of that shelter, and return him to his wife, this time, we imagine, for good.

His story is extremely moving, and painful only in the sense of pain inherent in it. The acting of Marlon Brando in this role and of Teresa Wright as the girl has to stand the most difficult of tests, since it is set against the faces and routine of an actual hospital. As the doctor in charge (usually the most stilted of father-figures in such situations) Everett Sloane gives a performance of remarkable individuality and force. And the public ward itself, with its ups and downs, its corporate self-preservation, and its surface of loudly expressive cynicism, convinces in every detail. Nothing is overdramatised, but there has been—it must be admitted—some simplification. The sour-and-sweet of hero and heroine are a little too plainly marked out, he seems to be deprived of all relatives, the "rehabilitation" sequences generalise for too long, and there's hardly a hint of mental activities, or of what work the hero will turn to when he quits hospital. But these omissions don't very seriously damage the purpose or effectiveness of a film on which, without smugness, the producer, Stanley Kramer, and the director, Fred Zimmemann, may well congratulate themselves.

Two old troopers of Hollywood have fallen on rather hard days, James Cagney in *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye*, and Joan Crawford in *Harriet Craig*. Indifferent though the pieces are, these tough battlers manage somehow to keep a flag flying for their admirers, Cagney, I think, having the better of it with cockiness and murder over Crawford with tiger talk and an ever-astonishing wardrobe. In fact she makes the mistake of letting her victims live, so that we get sorry for them.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Preserving Mr. Panmure," at the Arts

Why does a play which was a flop in 1911 become funny in 1950? The oddly named *Preserving Mr. Panmure* was almost Pinero's last play, and I think I can see why its contemporary audiences disliked it. For Pinero, while he was writing, disliked them. The play analyses *stuffiness*, Edwardian stuffiness just about to become Georgian, reacting into respectability and religiosity so dense with double-think that the accuracy of this transcript made it intolerable. To-day, of course, it is wonderfully in period. What an exact ear Pinero had for the changes in slang. Half the fun of the play is the oddity of the language. How well he portrays the tomboyish female of the time whistling up the males. The story (Who kissed the governess?) and construction are of thinnish farce, what makes it go is the period quality—period personalities as well as

period costumes and period sets. All very nice, all worked up in careful detail by John Fernald who produces, and Reginald Purdell, Alexander Archdale and Edmund Gray who act as if they had been studying for weeks their own great-uncles. Gwen Cherrell, the jolly tomboy, gives a charming impression of studying nobody but herself.

M. S.

Ivon Hitchens, at the Leicester Galleries

There are no landscapes in Ivon Hitchens's new exhibition and no flowerpieces. His recent pictures are of the female nude, though both superficial and essential resemblances to the earlier work remain. Many of the canvases are long rectangles wherein the figures assume those reclining postures in which the human body most nearly reproduces the forms and rhythms of landscape. I view the show as a display of a work in progress, in fact of experiments towards the conquest of a new set of pictorial values. His previous exhibition demonstrated that he had arrived at a synthesis of colour used musically and colour used constructively. He has not rested on the exciting achievements of that fine show, but has since applied to a new problem his experience and the freedom of execution which years of exploration have given. These pictures consequently are various with the variety of experiment. Sometimes the method is the same as in the landscapes; broad strokes of colour give only a summary of the subject, an account of the main surfaces of the figure and its surroundings. So far the expression is not very profound. Sometimes the colour represents simple, monumental volumes and in a few of the paintings it is regulated by a firm, continuous and almost naturalistic contour. Sometimes the strokes of colour combine to state a compromise between the forms of the figure and the incidence of a particular effect of light. Now, the figure imposes upon the sight surfaces and *volumes*; landscape expresses itself most readily in terms of surfaces and *space*. And if I have not found this exhibition as impressive and as moving as the last, it is because the painter is only beginning to adjust his splendid gifts as a colourist to this new emphasis.

B. T.

Correspondence

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

SIR,—One or two questions ought to be fully understood and answered before the newspaper profession hastens to set up a Press Council to discriminate between newspaper owners and editors. I appreciate how strongly Mr. Francis Williams, appealing to you, feels over the case of Mr. Hulton and his former Editor of *Picture Post*, Mr. Tom Hopkinson, but I cannot help reflecting that indignation is often a poor guide to policy.

Before you have a Press Council (if it is to be anything more than a clearing-house of information, a promoter of instructive lectures or something of that kind) you must have a Press Code. At the very least, your Press tribunal must have stated principles to act on. What is the principle to be applied in this case? Mr. Hulton acted as Editor-in-Chief, and rejected an article ordered and approved by Mr. Hopkinson as Editor. Mr. Hulton is being blamed by the Communist Press and others for his decision, but knowing his papers I am sure his motive was a good and sincere one. He may have decided, as many an experienced editor has decided, that to appear to exploit a scandal to the full is not always the best way to achieve reform. Private action, especially the *threat* of publicity, may sometimes be the most beneficial remedy.

If that were Mr. Hulton's case what could a Press Council do? No Council truly representative of the Press to-day would say that the editor's decision must be final, and must not be reversed by his proprietor, acting as editor-in-chief. Proprietors like Lord Northcliffe and Lord Beaverbrook have been again and again, in effect, editors—supreme editors if you like—and put into effect stronger and more public-spirited policies than their editors might have done. These proprietors, as is well known, have taken very bold decisions, like Northcliffe's decision to expose the shell scandal with the result that many thousands of lives of British soldiers were saved.

Does Mr. Williams suggest that the proposed Press Council should rule that an editor is to be a law to himself, and to be empowered to dismiss with contempt the wishes of his chairman and directors? If this is the intention, the proprietors of newspapers and periodicals will refuse to have anything to do with the scheme for a Press Council, now under close discussion, and the delay of which Mr. Morrison is impatient will be prolonged. In fact the delay has been caused by the danger to Press freedom in such pleas as that of Mr. Williams, who does not seem to realise how disturbing, and indeed revolutionary, is his proposal to take the control of a great periodical out of the hands of a man who has founded, financed and developed it. What exactly does Mr. Williams think a Press Council should do?

W. L. ANDREWS,
The Yorkshire Post. *Editor and Director.*

SIR,—There is one apparent ambiguity in the sentence of Mr. Francis Williams' letter beginning "Journalism being what it is" that I should like to try to help to clarify.

When the news of Tom Hopkinson's dismissal was broken to those members of the *Picture Post* staff who were in London at the time, they were faced with two courses of action: (1) they could resign individually or *en bloc*, and leave behind them in the offices and in the pages of *Picture Post* a total break with the traditions which Hopkinson had established, or (2) they could stay on and, under the leadership of Hopkinson's right-hand man, seek to preserve and develop those traditions. The members present, therefore, conscious that, as Francis Williams has pointed out, "Mr. Hulton had no reason to anticipate any difficulty in filling in a matter of hours, or even minutes, the chair from which he had just kicked Mr. Hopkinson" (which would, presumably, have meant filling it with someone who was not intimately acquainted with those traditions) agreed, after an almost continuous eight-hour session, to continue on the staff with Ted Castle as editor.

I was not an eye-witness to the proceedings of those eight hours, since I was away on holiday abroad, and without an address, at the time. But it is clear from the records that the staff *did* not reach their decision before they had requested that Mr. Hulton should come and explain his point of view (and his point of view was apparently that it was the timing, not the contents, of the Korean article that he disapproved); before they had obtained from him the promise of a statement defining the latitude of his future aims for the magazine; and before they had visualised what kind of a paper *Picture Post* might turn out to be—journalism being what it is—if they all departed from the magazine now.

Journalism being what it is, this, it seems to me, was probably a far more vigorous manifestation of democratic activity than one would be likely to find, in any similar situation, on any paper or periodical in Britain to-day. I daresay Mr. Francis Williams would agree.

I have been asked why—if that's how I feel about what happened—I myself resigned from the Hulton Press after I had got back to England last week and heard the facts. The answer is simply that I felt myself to be in a different kind of position from that of the rest of my colleagues: because I—as being, of the two Assistant Editors of *Picture Post*, the one who had a special responsibility for articles, text and words generally—had fervently approved the Korean script before I went away on my holiday; because I had been personally concerned with such League of Nations and U.N.O. matters from 1935 onwards; and because, having been on the staff of *Picture Post* since before its first issue, I could recall the days when Mr. and Mrs. Hulton (whose thinking has always seemed to me to be as closely integrated as—to use a sublime comparison—that of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb) appeared to believe that to print the truth, including the truth about outrageous episodes as they occurred, could never be an ill-timed act for publishers, or a punishable offence for editors.

LIONEL BIRCH

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Williams raises an interesting point: is it the responsibility of editor or

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proprietor to ensure that the Freedom of the Press is properly exercised?

Had the long awaited Press Council stepped in and *advised* Mr. Hulton to publish the Korea story, would not that action have constituted a flagrant interference with Hulton's right as a paper-owning citizen to publish or withhold what he pleases in his own paper?

Let us first of all understand precisely what we mean by the Freedom of the Press. If a Government-sponsored Council is to decide what goes into, and what is withheld from, our papers and magazines, where then is press freedom?

Although I am amongst those journalists who can see a great deal of potential good in a Press Council, I cannot agree with Mr. Williams that the case of the dismissal of *Picture Post*'s Editor would come within its purview.

Surely what is actually involved here is not merely the question of to publish or not to publish, but the whole principle of private ownership of the press. It can hardly be solved by the submission of page proofs to an outside body, however impartial.

As to his request for guidance in dealing with his friends on the U.N.O. sub-commission on Freedom of Information, could Mr. Williams do better than to urge upon that body the need for immediate corporate action in ensuring a more equitable distribution of the world's newsprint supplies, thus making it easier for any citizen with the inclination and the cash to exercise his own stake in press freedom by publishing what news he wants to, when he wants to.

84 Kimberly Road, KEITH MORFETT
Leicester.

SHEFFIELD CONFERENCE

SIR,—I am not concerned with the rights or wrongs of the events which led to the transfer of the Peace Congress to Poland. That is a matter for the British Government to decide. But as an Australian living in London, I am gravely concerned with the results those events have had for a number of my fellow-countrymen and women.

British people were puzzled to read last week that the Australian Minister for Immigration had ordered the cancellation of the passports of 25 Australian delegates to the Peace Congress. Their passports are to be "impounded," and "all passenger transport companies will be given the names of those who have defied the Commonwealth Government by going to Warsaw."

The Australian delegates went in company with hundreds—probably thousands—of delegates from many democratic nations—notably, for our point, Britain and America. We have heard nothing of any move on the part of their Governments to punish their citizens who chose to attend the Congress. But the Australians who were permitted to travel overseas for that express purpose are to have inflicted on them the severest punishment any modern State can inflict on its citizens—short of death: the removal of their passports. Not for committing a crime, you note. Not for endangering national security, but *for defying the Commonwealth Government*. Hitler could scarcely have done better.

In what does this defiance consist? I have been asked by British people accustomed to owning a passport which will permit them to travel to any country willing to admit them.

Till recently this has been taken for granted as a basic part of the freedom of the individual in all countries whose nationals are British subjects. But some months ago the Commonwealth Government decided that this was not good enough for Australians. They must be preserved from evil influences at all costs. There appeared in their passports a long list of countries they were *forbidden* to enter. This included Soviet Russia, all the People's Democracies, Soviet-occupied Germany (Sic!). Then in order to confound those who thought they could see a clear political line in all this, Yugoslavia was thrown in! And, just to make quite sure, China was added and Korea—such a wonderful place for winter sports!

The Minister of Immigration has caught a mixed bag in his delegation of 25, which is led by Mrs. Jessie Street, one of Australia's most distinguished women, several times a selected candidate of the Federal Labour Party and recently one of our representatives at U.N.O. No one seems to be quite clear what he is going to do with it. Australian passport authorities are cautious and embarrassed when questioned. British authorities naturally refuse to express any opinion but they look—and justifiably—very superior. Passenger Transport companies beg you not to bring the question up.

No one will tell me who is going to do the "impounding." Has the Australian Government authority to establish a minor Gestapo in another country? Or will it try to prevail on the British Government to do its dirty work for it? Off the record it has been hinted that the British Government values too highly the principles involved to become entangled in an affair that savours far too much of dictatorship for their taste. But I can get no real information. There seems to be no precedent later than medieval excommunications for the Minister's action in virtually disowning 25 of his country's citizens abroad and leaving them with neither the means to return home nor to remain legally where they are.

Australia House, W.C.2. DYMPHNA CUSACK

SIR,—The Polish delegation to Sheffield has been particularly affected by visa refusals of the British authorities. Out of 40 delegates for whom visas have been requested, only 21 were admitted.

It may be of interest to the British public to know to whom the British Government has denied the hospitality of Britain's shores. I shall only mention a few of the most prominent.

Mr. Jerzy Albrecht, the Chairman of the Warsaw City Council, equal to the Lord Mayor of the City of London or the Chairman of the L.C.C.

Mr. Victor Klosiewicz, the Chairman of the Polish Trades Union Council, opposite number to Sir Vincent Tewson, General Secretary of the T.U.C.

Prof. Jan Dembovski, the well-known professor of physiology and Chairman of the Polish Peace Committee. Professor Dembovski, who was to lead the Polish delegation, can be compared with your Julian Huxley, who was not refused a visa when he came two years ago at the head of the British delegation to the first World Peace Congress held in Poland.

The three greatest Polish writers, Ivaszkiewicz, Kruczkovski and Parandovski, have also been refused visas.

Jaroslav Ivaszkiewicz, the great poet, is known in England for his poetical Chopin drama "Summer in Nohant," which was played with success in England in the early war years.

Leon Kruczkovski is Poland's best known playwright, the Polish Priestley. His latest drama dealing with the Germans during the war is being played now in Berlin, Paris and other world capitals. He is the President of the Polish Writers Association.

And, last but not least, Jan Parandovski, of Olympic fame, who got the first Olympic prize for his poetry at the tenth Olympic Games in Los Angeles in 1932. He is the President of the Polish P.E.N. Club. A devout Catholic, he can be compared with T. S. Eliot, to whom, in spite of his pronounced anti-Communist views, the Polish Government did not refuse a visa two years ago to the Wroclaw Congress.

Was it the intention of the British Government to prevent the Sheffield Congress from succeeding in its aim to foster world peace by—excluding the most prominent delegates? STEFAN LITAUER
Warsaw.

PICASSO PARTY

SIR,—Recently, a London evening newspaper commented adversely on the presence of a Minister (well known for his connection with the art world in private life) at a party given by Feliks Topolski for Picasso.

We, who were fellow guests, protest that the party was a liberal-minded gesture of welcome to a great artist—that its motives were entirely non-political. We therefore deplore the attitude of a newspaper which says in effect: "Picasso is a Communist. Anyone who wants to meet Picasso must be a Communist sympathiser."

At the same time, the newspaper suggested that the public would not buy Picasso's pictures because the artist was a contributor to Communist Party funds. This indicates a trend which will lead us sooner or later to the situation which existed in Nazi Germany, when a man was judged not by his work but by his race and his politics.

In deploring the attitude of this newspaper, we think it worth recording that a member of its staff who was present at the party but who was in no way responsible for the ensuing comment, has resigned in protest.

We wish to affirm our distrust of political partisanship and propaganda in artistic affairs from whichever side it may come.

HENRY MOORE — RODRIGO MOYNIHAN
GRAHAM SUTHERLAND — RUSKIN SPEAR
HERBERT READ — ROLAND PENROSE
STEPHEN SPENDER

ATLANTIC AWARDS

SIR,—Mr. V. S. Pritchett's very interesting article about the Atlantic Awards, encourages me to put before you a proposal for promoting the sales of volumes of poetry. I wish to put forward a scheme which writers, publishers and readers might think about, and from which something might develop.

At present the sales of poetry by all but a very few poets are at such a low ebb that it is doubtful whether publishers will be able to go on publishing work by new or little-known poets. The initial sale without which it is impossible to cover the costs of producing a book of poetry, and without which the volume can hardly hope to reach a wider public, is lacking. Recently a well-known publisher sold 29 copies of a distinguished book of poems by a young poet. Other publishers have experiences almost as bad; and even those publishers who have done well with poetry in the past, now hesitate whether to bring out new works, which, on their merit alone, they would feel justified in publishing.

My proposal is that there should be a Poetry Book Club run on lines different from those of other book clubs. A committee of poets and critics representing several trends should recommend a list of approximately twelve volumes a year to subscribers who, on payment of, say, 30*s.* annually, will be entitled to buy four of the volumes which they choose for themselves from the recommended list. I suggest twelve volumes as an approximate figure which should in fact lay before members of the club all, or almost all, the worth-while poetry in a year's output. If there were fewer than twelve, then the committee would select fewer; if more, more.

After discussing sales with one or two publishers, I think one may assume that if this scheme were advertised in such a way as to reach those who are interested in poetry, and to gain their confidence in the committee, there would be about 2,000 members. This means that the recommendation of the committee to its members would guarantee a sale of 500 or 600 of each book so recommended: that is to say, a sale sufficient to cover the expenses of the publisher.

It sometimes happens now that publishers who believe in the merit of a volume of poems cannot publish it because they cannot see how to reach the public which it deserves. In such cases, it would be possible for the publishers to show the manuscript to the committee of the Poetry Book Club, who, if they shared the publisher's confidence in the work, would say that they were prepared to recommend it. The objection to such a scheme is that it would be putting the publishing of poetry into the hands of a group. However, I think it should be possible to make the committee wide enough to avoid cliquiness. And in the case of a book which would not be published to-day on the publisher's good opinion alone, surely it is better to seek the approval of a group than not publish the work at all? In any case, the scheme I have suggested could probably be altered in order to cover the objections which may arise. The important thing is to create some kind of body of a reading public which can now guarantee a minimum sale for the best poetry published each year.

STEPHEN SPENDER

SIR,—May I, as a 30-year-old who would rather write than do anything else, comment briefly on the conclusion of Mr. Pritchett's Atlantic Awards article?

We must at all costs not be sorry for ourselves: that way lies death, in more senses than one. We must accept our difficulties with grace—indeed, with

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Gentlemen, *Kenya, Jan. 15, 1950.*

In the course of considerable travelling throughout East Africa, I have been fortunate enough to obtain a fairly regular supply of PUNCHBOWLE.

When recently I had the misfortune to find myself virtually marooned in a forgotten valley, where a fly-infested river flows into the heat-sodden plains of Songhor, I gave up all hope of finding any good thing.

Yet on an isolated trading post, with the rains dripping through the roof, I discovered three tins of Punchbowle, which I at once purchased, although they were somewhat faded. I have derived as much pleasure from the first two tins as from any tins of tobacco I have ever opened. The third remains as a treat to come.

I am, gentlemen,
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zest. Human nature is immensely resilient and adaptable and I see no good reason why we should not "clock in" to ordinary jobs and still have ample energy for writing. It doesn't much matter what sort of jobs we do, provided that they're well within our powers and do not promote anxiety. Chaucer was a diplomat and Controller of Customs; Shakespeare was an actor; Charles Lamb a clerk with the East India Company; Trollope an official in the G.P.O.; Joyce taught English for the Berlitz School; and all of them succeeded in producing works of literature while honourably discharging their bread-and-butter duties.

PATRICK PATTINSON

MARRIAGE REFORM

SIR,—This Society's files are full of cases such as the following:

"I was discharged from H.M.F., in 1918. I married a woman 5 years my senior. In 12 months I realised I'd made a terrible mistake, we both were totally, both mentally and physically, unsuited. For 5 years I did my best, then one day met my present unmarried wife. Begged legal wife to divorce me. She refused and obtained an order for £2 per week this I've paid ever since. For 26 years the woman I love and I have lived together but our great tragedy is our 3 children, a boy 12, and two girls, 14 and 16. To ease things for them a bit I have legally adopted them in order to bear my name, but by law they are still illegitimate. Surely after all this time the law should enable me to give a very noble woman my name."

On November 23rd in the House of Lords, Lord Mancroft is asking the Government to appoint a Royal Commission on divorce. In the House of Commons, Lt. Col. Marcus Lipton and other M.P.s are planning a debate on a Royal Commission and a Bill for divorce after 7 years' continuous separation.

We do appeal to all Peers, M.P.s and the British public to support these efforts. Family life is being frustrated and unnecessary suffering caused by the present marriage and divorce laws. There is surely enough unavoidable unhappiness in the world without unnecessarily adding to it by laws which man has made and which he can alter.

ROBERT S. W. POLLARD,
Chairman.
Marriage Law Reform Society,
20 Buckingham Street, London W.C.2.

ARCHBISHOP STEPINAC

SIR,—How can the deadlock between the Vatican and the Yugoslav Government over Mgr. Stepinac be solved? There are certain facts to which Mr. Zilliacus has not attached sufficient importance.

1. Neither the Vatican nor Mgr. Stepinac himself are in any hurry for a *détente*. The rigours which the Archbishop is enduring are not greater than those which many ecclesiastics have often courted of their own free will for a cause. He believes he is right, though few outside the Church of Rome, familiar with the facts, would agree with him. I saw him lately at Lepoglava and he said to us: "I would stay here gladly, if it was necessary, not sixteen years, but a hundred and sixteen." He is a man of courage and tenacity, and probably means it.

2. It is not true to say with Mr. Zilliacus that he "actively supported" the compulsory conversion campaign. From a long hitherto unpublished letter to Pavelic written in November 1941, it is plain that he deprecated compulsion and abhorred cruelty. Yet he managed to persuade himself that, in spite of civil war and invasion, perhaps because of them, a marvellous opportunity was given to the Roman clergy for the extension of their church by "voluntary" conversion. He held this naive opinion quite sincerely and was shocked by the appalling massacres which ensued. He was hideously at fault, but it is wrong to present him as an inhumane man. He was not.

3. He was not imprisoned because of his behaviour in 1941, though he well might have been, but because of his anti-Communist activities in 1945. The proof of this is that bishops who collaborated and converted more enthusiastically than he did are still at liberty. For example, Bishop Akshamovic of Djakovo was far more deeply implicated in the compulsory conversion campaign. (See the report of the Stepinac trial, page 260, or *Martyrdom of the Serbs*, published by the Orthodox Church in America, page 292.) Yet to-day he is an honoured figure, because he is accommodating.

4. There is ample evidence in the war-time publications of the Orthodox Church and the London Yugoslav Government that Mgr. Stepinac was considered disloyal to the State and implicated discreditably in the compulsory conversion campaign. But because it is a Communist government which finally arraigned him, the leaders of the Orthodox Church are obliged to keep an embarrassed silence to-day.

Perhaps a way out is indicated by a suggestion made to me by M. Wimpulsek, the president of the court which sentenced Mgr. Stepinac. Let the case be re-examined by a neutral commission in some such country as Switzerland. The Orthodox Church and members of the former Yugoslav Government could furnish evidence to such a commission, without being thought to be playing the Communist game.

I believe that, even before the commission met, an arrangement would be made between the Vatican and the Yugoslav Government for the release of Mgr. Stepinac and his withdrawal from Yugoslavia.

Bennettsbridge, Ireland. HUBERT BUTLER

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—Your comment on teachers' salaries in your issue of November 11 was, to say the least, very disappointing. You made absolutely no reference to the fact that the new award not only does nothing towards evening out the inequalities in pay between men and women teachers, but actually increases them.

Furthermore it is not clear what you mean by "good teachers." You seem to suggest that a teacher with higher qualifications in the academic field is a better teacher. That seems to me to put emphasis on the old-fashioned concept of education and I should not have expected this sort of viewpoint to be printed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

34 Askew Mansions, W.12. ERIC SANDERS

[We are in full sympathy with the demand for equal pay for men and women—that is, "the rate for the job"—both in teaching and in other occupations. But we cannot ignore the difficulties of applying this principle at a time when, as a result of the shortage of goods and services, there are strict limits within which wages and salaries can be raised without being cancelled out by higher living costs. No one wants to produce equality by reducing men's salaries.

As for "good teachers," we are, of course, well aware that high academic qualifications are no guarantee of teaching capacity, but we are also strongly of opinion that the better educated the teachers are the better on the whole teaching standards are likely to be. We therefore approve of offering inducements to highly qualified persons to enter and remain in the teaching profession, which is otherwise likely to be robbed not indeed of all its good teachers but of a disastrously large number, especially in those subjects in which other occupations are highly competitive with teaching.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BERTRAND RUSSELL

SIR,—A slight correction to "London Diary." In 1916 Bertrand Russell was deprived, not of a Fellowship of King's, but of a lectureship at Trinity. The distinction is important; a Fellow cannot be deprived of his Fellowship except on grounds of grave immorality, a lecturer can be dismissed fairly easily. A Fellow has a voice in College affairs, a lecturer has not. It was in order to exclude his anticlerical views from College deliberations that Russell was not, in fact given a Fellowship; it was his being a mere lecturer that made his (temporary) dismissal easy.

All this is made quite clear by Russell himself in his collection of essays "*Let the People Think*."

University of Aberdeen. HOWARD LEES

[Critic apologises for a silly slip.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Surely Critic is mistaken! *The Sound and the Fury* was not a pot-boiler. Does he mean *Sanctuary*, generally acknowledged to be the source of "Miss Blandish"?

W. B. STEVENSON
Hornsey Public Libraries. *Borough Librarian.*

Books in General

ACCORDING to Cardinal Gasquet, the monks had no ill reputation until the days of that wicked whig historian, Bishop Burnet. On the contrary, monasticism was a noble institution which, until its overthrow by protestants and plutocrats, had protected the poor from the rapacity of the rich. Unfortunately, to reach this conclusion, the Cardinal found it necessary to cheat. In the writing of history it seldom pays to cheat—least of all where one can be found out by Dr. Coulton, that formidable scholar whose evangelical zeal and gigantic erudition could be not only fatal to bogus scholarship but also (as we now know) very exasperating in the home. His exposure of Gasquet is well known. We have heard all about his home. Let us now look at his positive achievement; his great work on medieval monasticism, whose last volume has now issued, posthumously, from the press.*

What was the state of monasticism in the century before its overthrow in England? Dr. Coulton is not content with a parochial view. To illuminate the last days of a cosmopolitan institution, he takes all Europe for his field. For two centuries before the Reformation the Church was in decay. Learning had been abandoned to the laity. The friars had followed their predecessors into an opulent apathy which only their mutual hostility sometimes stirred. The three vows of monasticism—chastity, poverty, obedience—were almost everywhere neglected. Only the Carthusians preserved to the end their ancient virtues. The Mendicant Orders boasted openly of their wealth: "True we are Mendicants," declared the Dominicans as they launched their counter-attack against the Franciscan doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, "but we have more than 40,000 crowns of gold in reserve for this purpose." Opulence has its uses: the late Middle Ages were a great age of church-building; but the former spirit of religion had fled from those graceful cloisters, those soaring towers. Ignoring all the elaborate institutions that sought to capture and contain it, that fugitive spirit expressed itself in private devotion and direct—sometimes heretical—communication with God. It was the age of mysticism: of Kempis and Ruysbroeck, of Hilton and Rolle, of Margery Kempe and the Lollards; and mysticism is the religion not of hope but of despair.

And yet not everyone despaired—or Dr. Coulton's history had been a dreary chronicle. In fact it is the story of heroic attempts to reform the irreformable. For the facts were clear enough to contemporaries. At the great Ecumenical Councils of Constance and Basel the need had been recognised, the plan proclaimed: all that seemed necessary was a supply of apostles. The apostles were there. Already in the Netherlands Florence Radewin and Gerard Groot had founded the Brethren of Common Life at Deventer, and the reformed Augustinian convent of Windesheim stood at the head of twenty Dutch and German monasteries. Thither serious-minded men, answering, even now, the original call of monasticism, secretly and inexorably converged; there the new monks built their own houses, with granges and herds, beehives and fishponds and the earliest sawmills in Europe; thence, as it seemed to the despairing churchmen gathered at Basel in 1435, the spirit of Reform might be breathed again into the decaying body of monasticism. Two years later Johann Busch, a monk of Windesheim, set out on his missionary journeys, eager to reform the world.

To reform is a frustrating task: to be reformed is maddening. The old monks and nuns regarded their long-neglected rule (if they had ever read it) as an obsolete formula, like the Creed, to which no sensible person can be expected to give more than a vague and general assent. Cloisters, to their inhabitants, were country clubs; to the outer world they were useful receptacles for unemployable or half-witted sons and unportionable daughters. To such men, the suggestion that the rule should be executed—that roast beef disappear from the menu, that private property be abolished and (worst of all) that chastity be enforced—naturally seemed an outrageous revolution. Fortunately, they reflected, they had ample funds for resistance. They could bribe the great, prevaricate at law, appeal to their relatives and clients in the world, mobilise their tenants, arm their serfs: and ultimately, at the summit of the system, they could rely on their greatest asset of all: the patronage, or the apathy, of the Court of Rome.

But if the old monks always had allies, so sometimes had the reformers. Laymen, fortunately, demand from their clergy higher standards than they set to themselves; and many lay princes and city corporations put authority on the side of the Reformers. Thus, when the missionaries set to work, a series of local struggles began which set in motion innumerable interests, and were decided now this way, now that, as the balance of wealth and power and skill and chance incalculably inclined.

Johann Busch was a man of infinite tenacity, and in the Duke of Brunswick he had a powerful ally: but the struggle was nevertheless exhausting. The nuns were particularly recalcitrant: when the reformers entered the nunnery of Wennigsen, near Hanover, "the nuns all lay down on their bellies in the choir with arms and legs stretched out in the form of a cross" and chanted an anthem parodied into a Black Mass. At Mariensee, where the nuns had bought the protection of the Bishop of Minden, "at the first visitation, the Abbess and her nuns climbed to the roof of the choir and ran about there like cats," ready to pelt the reformers with tiles and stones. After a sharp physical struggle they were reformed, and the reformers were able to report that the ringleader of the nuns (who had been crushed under the prostrate Duke in the *mêlée*) "after regaining her breath, consented also with us in all things." At Klingenthal, the richest abbey in Basel, the recalcitrant nuns tried to burn down their convent, assailed the reformers with spits, cudgels and swords and demanded that the reformers "be delivered up to them for strangling." New nuns were stuffed into the convent, but the old rakish nuns clung to the cash, retained their organisation, bribed Duke Sigismund with 800 florins to put robber-knights at their disposal, and in the end, returning triumphant to Klingenthal, obliged the reformers to pay them the huge sum of 11,500 florins as damages and interest.

> The pious virgins had demanded even 36,000, for disturbance in their possessions *and for the harm done to their reputation!* After all, they had to reward the devotion of their protectors; and neither the Lord of Klingenberg nor the Count of Thierstein nor the needy Sigismund were men to content themselves with the not very devout prayers of their clients.

In every country the same struggle was fought, with varying results. Windesheim and its congregation stood firm; the next greatest reformed congregation, Bursfelde on the Weser, soon declined again: the old party enlisted the support of the great banker Jakob Fugger, and beef and mutton introduced a disastrous schism among the monks. The great abbey of Melk, the richest in Europe, on a rock above the Danube, was reformed; Sta. Giustina at Padua and Monte Cassino became islands of reform in Italy. In France, if the Cordeliers of Paris filibustered against the reformers by perpetual psalmody, the abbey of Chezal-Benoit became a centre of Benedictine reform. But in general, the movement failed; and the reason for its failure was fundamentally the same. The Court of Rome was too heavily committed to the old system. The most authoritative of the reformers, Cardinal Cusanus, found himself sabotaged at Rome; the most influential of them, Ambrose of Camaldoli, found the personal favour and genuine support of the Pope powerless against the interests of a whole system. It was the system of *commendam*, "the leprosy of monasticism": a system which had converted the great offices of the Church into the private patronage of Popes and orthodox Kings: a system which even a reforming Pope could not fail to exploit, and which converted the Church of the fifteenth century into organised outdoor relief for the privileged classes. The cast-off royal mistresses who reigned as great abbesses in Castile were unlikely to welcome reform.

And yet, ironically, it was this very abuse of *commendam* which, in the end, under energetic princes, offered the only hope of effective orthodox reform. *Commendam* hardly existed in England until Wolsey, that gigantic pluralist, awarded himself bishopric upon bishopric and sought to use these powers for a general reform. In France the Cardinal of Amboise, a French Wolsey, prime minister and papal legate, sought the same end. In Spain Queen Isabella gave a similar monopoly to Cardinal Ximenez. Ximenez was successful. The monasteries were disciplined, their privileges burnt, their revenues usefully redistributed; the old monks, outraged at the new demands of Christianity, migrated to Africa and embraced the more agreeable religion of Mohammedanism; and in Spain, alone in Europe, there was never even a threat of religious revolution.

The English Cardinal failed. None of Wol-

* *Five Centuries of Religion: Vol. iv, The Last Days of Medieval Monasticism.* By G. C. Coulton. *Cambridge University Press.* 45s.

sey's grandiose plans came ever to full realisation, and Reform in England was ultimately achieved by other hands. But the methods were the same. Henry VIII followed the most orthodox precedents. Popes and cardinals and orthodox kings had been praised for their earlier suppressions; the distinction between great and small monasteries was as old as St. Benedict and as modern as the Cardinal of Amboise; and Cromwell's visitors repeated the methods and questions of episcopal visitors. The difference between Cromwell and Wolsey was not in their methods, or even in their orthodoxy, but in their achievement: one failed, the other succeeded.

It was a drastic success: the whole, irreformable fabric of monasticism sank painlessly and unlamented to the ground; but perhaps no other remedy was possible. A century later a far greater man than Wolsey sought to repeat his less revolutionary methods. Cardinal Richelieu, by exploiting the abuse of *commendam*, had himself appointed abbot-general of the three great exempt orders of Cluny, Citeaux and Prémontré, and held in *commendam* other of the greatest abbeys in France or Europe. Then he set out to reorganise and reform. In this alone the greatest of clerical statesmen achieved nothing. Indeed, some of the incidents are worthy of the fifteenth century. To Marmoutier, where disorder had increased under the abbacy of two royal bastards, the cardinal sent twenty-four reformed monks under royal escort.

> But lo! at 9.0 at night a strange concert broke out under the cloisters and in the dormitory. The young monks had hidden there, and until 1.0 a.m. they did nothing but howl, imitate the cries of animals, blow hunting-horns, discharge firearms, and belch out a thousand insults against the newcomers.

Even when they were expelled, the former monks returned: they came into the choir in riding-boots, disconcerted the services with strange noises; and from their headquarters in the third prior's lodging, where they danced and feasted, "nothing was heard but oaths, blasphemies and obscenities, the echo of hunting-horns and musket-shots." So much for the work of the Counter-Reformation.

But if Henry VIII and Thomas Cromwell succeeded, history takes its revenge on such absolute success. In England when the monks had been pensioned off and their monasteries destroyed or converted, a strange myth gradually attached itself to those deserted ruins which the accident of inaccessibility had here and there preserved: in the haunted Yorkshire dales, in the wild fells of Westmorland, in the remote solitudes of the Border lands. Already in the seventeenth century Aubrey, the first romantic, sighed for their revival: a hundred years later "in the full light and freedom of the eighteenth century," Dr. Johnson wished to kiss the site of a dissolved monastery; and in the next century Cardinal Gasquet, exploiting nostalgia in the interest of faith, paraded portentously documented mythology as research. Myths are all very well, but facts are better. The Cardinal and his pretentious historiography are now dead. The Russian Savine, the evangelical Coulton, the high Anglican Baskerville have killed them. Four great volumes and a few lapidary sentences make for both their final tombstone.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

CATULLUS AT SIRMIO (56 B.C.)

At Sirmio, peninsula and island,
It's winter now. The willows are like iron;
A little snow lies in the furrows; and mist hides
The far part of the lake's grey shield:
—Not my sort of weather. Light
Comes through the low and heavy sky
With the unequal glare and blur of ice.
Some poet could get beauty out of it, perhaps:
The vaguely outlined mountains, even this blasted wind
Whipping the water.

Bring me some hot wine.
This sort of landscape's like Cæsar,
Single-mindedness with a few cold contrary gusts
—Perversions. I've written about that. He says
I've given him ill-fame for ever. But
He'll get power (if that wet Pompey doesn't)
And then he'll get poets. Still, it's satisfactory
That he minds my cuts: *I* wouldn't. It's the relics
Of shame before the civilized. It'll pass.

Beauty indeed—give me the guts of it—passion;
And pride if you will. Sweetness I've sought,
The lyrics of simple guiltless lust.
But it was always nonsense. I found the poem
And hid the truth in it; which was fair enough.
Look at Clodia: breath-taking breasts;
A green sweat of pleasure; and my heart whipped
By her bitchiness like this lake by wind—there's beauty!
—But there are worse things: to be frozen
Into the deep black ice of Cæsar's epoch.
Oh, they'll fix it. The people want peace and quiet.
They'll back the thug up to dictator;
If they must have such leaders, let them rot.
Poets will write about victories and buildings,
Tack bits of beauty on to the rulers' conscience
Or do exercises to order about their hearts.

It's a bit warmer.
Noon loosens the water; the stream flows more freely;
The trees unstiffen; the leaves' tongues move and speak.
Beauty, I was saying. Well, what have I got?
I'll die young and with nothing to show for it
But a few verses and a few brilliant nights
And endless irritation.

—Yet one can't calculate. Timidity and trade
Aren't for Valerians. And I couldn't live in
The ages of disgust ahead. The great make me sick.
Women are whores. And poems?—it's not as a poet I'm proud.
Still, there may be others of me later. Damn posterity;
Let *them* read my stuff if Cæsar's boys don't burn it.
In their minds let my pride revel; and my revenge.

ROBERT CONQUEST

SIGNIFICANT FORM

Underneath a rose hemisphere
Or by a river of instrumental stars
We search inside the dawn's and dark's strangeness,
And to our bodies' touch comes clear
That under its tangible bars
Still simmer all the essences and dangers.

Until in a grave resolution
It speaks the whole air's fluency and sex,
A snow of gold down from the rainless cirrus:
And we see in clear and passionate fusion
The purity of image love selects
Out of the glass-green sea and the sky's mirrors.

ROBERT CONQUEST

DOUSTERSWIVEL

The Prospector. By JOHN CARSWELL. *Cresset Press.* 21*s.*

Myths eclipse the men who make them. If the fantastic Baron Munchausen has swallowed up the real Baron from whom he was drawn, he also has blotted out his creator from general knowledge. Rudolf Raspe is one of the footnote figures of biography. He is known to us as a minor German scholar who wrecked an estimable career by stealing from his patron and who was obliged to flee to England in order to escape arrest. He reappears in a number of enterprises from translating to prospecting in tin and minerals, the very figure of dubiety and untrustworthy foreignness, and has a dismal, ludicrous monument in the portrait of Dousterswivel, the swindling German refugee of Scott's *The Antiquary*. The gap between this disheartened and exploited pedant and the creator of the fabulous Baron contains one of the mysteries of the artistic process. He was a man who, Micawber-like, frequently spoke of his "hopes": they were never realised; other men filled their pockets from the tales of Munchausen: the miners and engineers of Cornwall and Birmingham profited by his brains.

Obscure subjects of this kind often turn out to be rich when they fall into the right hands. Mr. Carswell's scholarly biography has not only restored Raspe's history and woes to life size, but has filled out the strange and changing world in which he had a very suggestive part. Between the Romantic movement with its Scottish and German sources, and the early industrial revolution in the eighteenth century, there were ideological links, and Raspe gives them eccentric human shape. Ambiguous he was, a man who thrived in the shade if not entirely shady, and something stranger than the sinister or comic foreigner grows out of Mr. Carswell's sympathetic, well-written and instructive study.

Raspe was a young, admired figure in German intellectual society in the middle of the century. Arrogant and restless, egotistical and gifted, he had an original and practical mind. His writings on geology—a fashionable science after the Lisbon earthquake—had given him eminence. In England he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society; and in Germany he had the patronage of the Landgrave of Hesse who made him curator of his great collection of coins. The flaw was Raspe's versatility. Intellectually and socially he was an actor with too great a cleverness in being all things to all men. The penalty, as Mr. Carswell says:

> which attaches to habits of this kind is decay of self-knowledge. As the barriers between compartments grow more opaque the actor gradually loses his freedom of action till, denying to himself what he originally meant to deny only to his different audiences, he becomes the prisoner of his roles in turn.

When an expensive life brought him pressing creditors, Raspe found himself quietly pawning the Landgrave's coins; and a hurried marriage to a lady with a dowry came too late to save him when suspicion began to whisper. He fled, but his lies, evasions, wrigglings and whinings, his obstinate refusal to face his moral situation, expose a man whose right hand had fatally ceased to know what his left hand was doing.

With admirable diligence Mr. Carswell has pieced together the remaining and most interesting part of Raspe's story—the rest of the long, harassed, snubbed, browbeaten, scheming life of a refugee with a bad name. Misfortune stimulated Raspe: the Royal Society unfrocked him when he got to London; Cambridge—where he turned up as a Major!—refused to allow him to lecture on the wretched state of historical studies. He appeared next in Cornwall, with the wretched state of tin and geology on his lips and, at last, by a mixture of pestiferous humility, effrontery and brains, he got a foot in. He became the mad German consultant to Boulton, the Birmingham manufacturer who played a cat and mouse game with him for years, picking his brains and keeping

COST OF LIVING

The most pressing domestic problem of the moment, directly affecting us all, is the cost of living. This is the subject of a new Gallup Poll Feature to be published in the News Chronicle.

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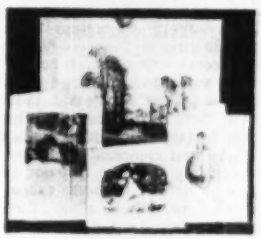

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COLLINS

a tight hand on his own pocket. Raspe was the worm under the boot; yet all the poor man seems to have been after for years in his work with Boulton, was not so much money, as a mite of social acknowledgment, a mere invitation to dinner. The relationship is one of those unpleasant episodes from the world of big business which depress the student of human nature.

For, except for the affair of the Landgrave, Raspe was not a crook. He was, in a way, an eager charmer, as cold as stone but busy as the bee; his peculiarity was that he lived in a kind of unconvincing but alluring twilight between fact and possibilty. It was brilliant in the geologist to be dreaming, at that time, of ersatz and mass-production; but when he advanced the revolutionary notion of making reproductions of great works of art shut away in the museums of the privileged, it was perhaps only human to remember that the proposer had once made off with the real thing. The processes of repentance and sublimation have their irony. What Raspe was, perhaps, really doing—Mr. Carswell suggests—was proposing a kind of revenge on the privileged collectors who, in the person of the parsimonious Landgrave, had ruined him. It is clear that Raspe was a plausible and disarming expert. He persuaded one Scottish landlord that he had valuable minerals on his estate, and later on (simply on account of his past) he was accused of planting the samples there himself. This story has long been believed but as Mr. Carswell says the evidence for Raspe's honesty is strong. He kept the friendship of the laird who regarded him not as a Dousterswivel, but as a very amusing pedlar of half-truths.

The creation of Baron Munchausen, written in English at one of Raspe's lowest moments among the half-savage Cornish miners, seems to be one of those acts of compensation so common in the process of art. There was the creation of a fantastically successful liar, to compensate for Raspe's own failure to produce more than half-truths. His had been exploratory and philosophical, and science had perhaps cramped their style; in the Baron, Raspe blossomed into myth, and he had not read and understood Ossian in vain. It is rather satisfying and reassuring that Raspe did not put his name to the work, was indifferent to its huge success—out of which he got no more, Mr. Carswell says, than the price of an outside seat on the coach to Bath—and indeed never mentioned it. Satisfying, because this book seems the one pure fantasy of a muddy life, a reminder that the tricky and exploited wanderer who got on with everybody and who had not a friend in the world, who had no property except his own portrait which fanatically he always carried about with him, had once had some sort of soul or inner life which he was very glad to get rid of once and for all. The appalling pressure of a seedy life had formed this one fragment of pure ore. It was, as the geologist in him would have said, his vein.

V. S. PRITCHETT

IL MIGLIOR FABBRO

Ezra Pound: A collection of essays to be presented to Ezra Pound on his 65th birthday. Edited by PETER RUSSELL. *Peter Nevill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There have been four figures in English literature during the first half of this century who have the stature that forms and changes the course of history (anyone is free to prefer writers who leave words and the world unchanged)—Joyce, Yeats, Eliot; and the fourth is Ezra Pound. Whether we like Pound's poetry or not, it is on a major scale—that is a point made by nearly every writer in the present symposium. No one calls him a pleasing but minor figure, although the question whether he is a major influence or a major poet must for the present remain open. The aptest comparison (made by Ronald Duncan, in an essay not otherwise praiseworthy) is with Ben Jonson. Both are perfectionists of style; Pound possesses that blend of generous friendship and critical acumen that has gathered about him a "tribe of Ezra" that is comparable with the "tribe of Ben" and numbers, we must admit at once, names no less illustrious. T. S. Eliot in his contribution to the present volume acknowledges his own indebtedness to the master who formed his style. He tells us that Pound was largely responsible for cutting down *The Waste Land* from its longer, looser first draft, to the poem as we know it. It was Pound who, though younger, took Yeats in hand, and precipitated that maturing of style that transformed the poet of Celtic Twilight to the major Yeats of his later years. It was Pound, Wyndham Lewis reminds us, who "sold" Joyce to Miss Harriet Weaver, who subsequently serialised the *Portrait of the Artist* in *The Egoist*, and generously settled on Joyce the allowance that enabled him to complete the two greatest works of literature that this age is likely to produce. It cannot be too clearly understood that Pound has had a major influence on the greatest writers of his generation, besides many lesser ones, like Hemingway and Wyndham Lewis, down to Ronald Duncan.

But this sort of influence cannot be exerted through generosity alone—and generosity Pound's bitterest detractors must grant him; on the contrary, it implies a determination to set the standards of poetry above personal considerations. What Pound wrote thirty years ago about the English literary world is, unfortunately, still true:

> In a country in love with amateurs, in a country where the incompetent have such beautiful manners and personalities so fragile and charming, that one cannot bear to injure their feelings by the introduction of competent criticism, it is well that one man should have a vision of perfection.

Nobody who is not familiar with the contemporary literary world would believe how difficult it is to interest even poets in the exact uses of language. English public opinion, for some reason, regards the poet who does not write from inspiration alone, uncontaminated by knowledge of any kind, as a rather despicable figure (though it would not dream of applying the same rule, of course, to music), yet style is the only communicable and teachable part of the art of poetry. The inspiration, or theme, must be found by each for himself. One may point to Yeats, who might take his inspiration from the spirits of another world, but who was wise enough to give Pound an attention equal to that which he paid to these other Instructors, in the matter of style. Even to those who have met him only in his works, Pound has the master's gift of teaching their craft. His *Cantos*, if they were nothing more, are the best of teething-rusks for the young men.

The essays by Eliot, Hemingway, and Wyndham Lewis are interesting because all these writers know Pound, and know him in the only relevant way, as a great man of letters. Of the other contributions, G. S. Fraser's is by far the best attempt at a general critical evaluation of Pound that I have seen. Dr. Sitwell writes with special emphasis on his rhythms, on his ear, with particular reference to the *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* volume, to which she herself must have been indebted at a formative period. Charles Madge contributes an excellent analysis of Pound's use of ellipse as a rhetorical figure. These two essays seem to me far more to the point than most of the others, because both are about what Pound did in fact achieve—a style—and not about what he either failed, or never attempted to achieve—Christian orthodoxy, or a "philosophy," or an economic theory. Brian Soper on Pound's philosophy is merely unreadable; John Drummond on the Italian background of the Cantos, at most reminds the reader that an edition with good notes would be useful. Essays on Pound's views on banking and Fascism, and on his sinological scholarship, leave one with the uneasy sense that Pound, the authors, and we ourselves are not on firm ground; and the banking essay sent me to look up Yeats's letter to Pound that forms the introduction to—of all un-Pound-like works—*A Vision*. There, talking of bankers, Yeats writes,

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"You and I . . . are as much out of place as would be the first composers of Sea-shanties in a world of steam." Need more be said about Pound's economics?

Pound is, Wyndham Lewis well observes, nearer in quality to Whistler than to any other American artist. His style, forceful, fine, and contemporary in its cadences and vocabulary alike, cannot fail to influence the future of the language. He may not have written an epic, but he may well have created an epic style for America. Any poet who wishes to write well must surely at some time immerse himself in the long, difficult poems of Pound, "just for the tone," as Allen Tate says.

KATHLEEN RAINE

SUGAR LORDS

A West India Fortune. By RICHARD PARES. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Professor Pares's story of a family who made a fortune in the West Indies has been told many times in fiction. Here are the facts about the plantation life which we have seen through the imagination of Miss Margaret Mitchell; about the progress of the family business which we have read in sturdy wordy novels such as *The Crowthers of Bankdam*. Richard Hughes's *A High Wind in Jamaica* would fit very prettily as a romantic epilogue to this tale alongside Professor Pares's precise appendices.

It is perhaps because the historian has followed in the steps of the novelist that one feels that Professor Pares has slightly over-weighted his admirable book with detailed factual explanation and illustration. He may well have found it necessary to set the account-book firmly in the centre of a stage which, in the reader's mind, is peopled with so many heroines of strong personality and weak virtue. The hard facts of plantation methods and bookkeeping, mortgages and merchanting, do make clear to the reader the busy-ness of business; they save him from the Margaret Mitchellisms which might otherwise be recalled by the equally factual accounts in other chapters of the picturesque characters of planter society, of its feuds, and of the whole exotic atmosphere of a slave society in a hot climate, human and corrupt, picturesque and cruel. This reminder of the precise cost of the Scarlett O'Hara's and the fancy gentlemen of plantation society restores the balance.

Professor Pares has not written this book to illustrate any social or economic theory, but has tried as honestly as possible to present a case history. He feels that while we discuss economic and social policies and concepts, such as capitalism and its history, we do not know enough about individual capitalists and their acts. Yet this detailed history of the rise of a representative capitalist family between the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century might have been born in the imagination of a political theorist, so apt are its facts to many familiar theses.

The career of Azariah Pinney, the founder of the family's fortune, might have been designed by Professor Tawney to show the connection between the Puritan extremes of the Protestant religion and the rise of capitalism. The Pinney family were Nonconformists of the yeoman class, with an interest in the manufacture of lace. When the Duke of Monmouth landed in 1685, Azariah joined him to fight for his Protestant faith. He was captured after Sedgemoor and sentenced to ten years' transportation to the West Indies. There his commercial background and religious training fitted him admirably for the opportunities offered by a prosperous and expanding economy. His stern Puritan upbringing enabled him to work and save, despite the temptations of a relaxing climate and a dissipated society, until his original capital of £15 had developed into a comfortable property worth over £20,000.

The Pinney family illustrate equally one valid version of the development of capitalism—from trade to productive enterprise, and then in maturity and decay to finance capitalism. Azariah Pinney built up his capital as a merchant, then transferred it to productive industry by purchasing plantations and slaves to run them. In the third generation John Pinney brought the family's productive interests to their highest efficiency, and towards the end of his career invested his growing capital not in new plantations of his own, but in loans to planters, the interest on which became the major source of his income. Then, as the prosperity of West Indies' plantation capitalism declined, his heirs turned their attention to the management of their investments—ensuring that the interest was paid—and as the prosperity of the West Indies diminished they sold up the family's plantations, recovered the principal of their loans, reinvested the proceeds in British property and stocks, and turned rentier—which, according to the text book, is the final stage of capitalism.

The collapse of the West Indian sugar estates, as illustrated in this account of the Pinney family, is a good example of the destruction of one civilization—of one form of capitalism—by another. It was the rise of *laissez-faire* capitalism in nineteenth-century England which dealt the death blow to West Indian plantation capitalism. British industrial capitalism was founded on a free labour market and abolition of all restrictions on the free movement and employment of labour in England led to the abolition of slavery on English soil. As the great vessel of nineteenth-century industrial capitalism got under way, its backwash sank the capitalists of the West Indies, already half-submerged by the effect of falling sugar prices. The compensation money for the liberation of the slaves in many cases barely sufficed to pay the debts on the estates. The free labour market, essential to the new, thus extinguished an older species of the same genus.

Professor Pares presents us with some perfect examples of the historical capitalist, worthy of more than antiquarian attention even by the planners of the Welfare State. It has yet to be proved that the managerial revolution has outdated the two main pillars of capitalist society: the classical entrepreneur typified by Azariah Pinney whose concern is to increase the sheer size and productive power of his business, and the more modern type of "anxiety" capitalist, represented by John Pinney, who lies awake at night thinking of precautions to secure his property, rather than of bold measures to augment it.

RAYMOND FROST

EVOLUTION

The meaning of Evolution: a Study of the History of Life. By GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection. By CHARLES DARWIN. *Watts.* 15*s.*

To-day the fact of natural selection is well supported by direct observation, but the theory has not survived without some modification. Darwin's emphasis was on the struggle of the individual with a hostile environment: "Thus," he wrote,

> from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows.

But progressive change in structure and function must often depend on more than the selection of single improvements. A complex organ like the eye can usually be improved only by simultaneous changes in several parts. It follows that selection must often act on favourable combinations of several new characters, giving the individual a slight edge of advantage over other members of the same species. Darwin believed also in the inevitability of gradualness, and failed to give due place to the importance of sudden jumps in evolution. Some of the best examples of natural selection seen at work have involved such jumps: for instance the recent replacement of white moths by black varieties in industrial districts. In both his emphasis on external struggle and his preoccupation with gradualness Darwin reflects the social outlook of his time.

The major new development since Darwin has, however, been in the study, not of natural selection, but of the inherited variation on which selection acts. Darwin assumed that heredity was a process of blending. Just as the blending of a number of paints of distinct colours eventually reduces the whole mixture to a uniform mud colour, so should the blending of genetic characters reduce a species to a single uniform type. Darwin however knew very well that inherited variations are constantly appearing and reappearing. How did this variation arise? Darwin believed, like Lamarck, that the effects of the use or disuse of organs were transmitted to the offspring, but he was not a wholehearted Lamarckian. In 1859 he wrote to Huxley: "If, as I must think, external conditions produce little effect, what the devil determines each particular variation?"

The data for solving this problem were published by Gregor Mendel only six years later, but it was not until 1900 that "Mendelism" began to influence biology. Mendel and his successors showed that inheritance is not a blending process, but is mediated by a "germplasm" consisting of individual particles, the genes, which are usually transmitted unchanged from generation to generation. The continual reappearance of new genetic qualities is due mainly to the appearance of new combinations of genes in each new individual.

The rise of Mendelism strengthened the exceedingly sharp separation of inherited nature and environmental effects associated with the name of Weismann. This was a necessary stage in the evolution of biological theory, but it is now—amidst even more violent controversy than usual—being corrected by a study of just what environmental agencies do alter the germplasm. Unfortunately Professor Simpson does

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no more than state the falsity of the Lamarckian hypothesis; he does not discuss the heredity-environment relationship at any length. Nor, more surprisingly, does he set out formally the evidence for the theory of evolution. This is a pity, since there are surprisingly few rigorous statements on the subject, and it is too often taught as a dogma. The best feature of *The Meaning of Evolution*, as might be expected from America's leading paleontologist, is the survey of present knowledge of the course of evolution—an impressive account not only for the lay reader but also for a biologist unless he is very well acquainted with recent work. Some will have their illusions shattered: for instance, the famous sabre-tooth "tigers" did not develop longer and longer canines as they evolved, until they were unable to close their mouths: the *earliest* sabre-tooth had proportionally one of the longest canines. So much for one of the textbook "enigmas." Another common assertion is that the fossil record leading to man is poor, when in fact, Simpson considers, "the hominoid record is surprisingly good."

In the last part of his book Simpson discusses ethical implications. Darwin, in the *Origin*, hardly concerns himself with the social significance of his theories although, as Simpson says, the "struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest"

> had ethical, ideological, and political repercussions which were, and continue to be, in some cases, unfortunate . . .

There is no doubt that it was these "repercussions" which made the *Origin* an immediate best seller. Simpson, like Darwin but unlike the present Pope, has no doubt that the theory of evolution is compatible with "true religion"; he passes over the conflicts with the churches. He points out that in nature survival is achieved by a great variety of means, some, such as parasitism, unattractive to us; consequently the evolutionary process is no guide to what can or should be done in human society. Because nature is (sometimes) red in tooth and claw, it does not follow that members of the human species should behave as if they were jungle competitors. Simpson even expresses doubts about *laissez-faire* capitalism—the supporters of which derived such aid and comfort from the ruthless struggle depicted in the *Origin*.

Simpson claims that ethical standards (which he agrees must change as society evolves) should be based on the fundamental evolutionary characteristics of man. These characteristics are his social behaviour, and "individualisation"—the capacity for widely different specialisation which is a necessary counterpart of the growth of an elaborate society. This amounts to saying once again that the study of evolution has no direct ethical implications: man is unique, and in trying to guide his own social development he cannot hope to acquire the necessary wisdom by examining the flowers or even the bees. Thus Simpson's discussion of evolution and ethics, like those of others from T. H. Huxley down, inevitably presents the reader with a series of negatives. *The Meaning of Evolution* is, however, a useful book for the lay reader, despite unattractive production and poor illustrations. There are few, if any, comparable accounts of our present knowledge of the course and causes of evolution, and probably none at once so scientific and so readable. The production of a pleasantly legible version of the first edition of the *Origin* is also welcome. The difference between the first and the more usually reprinted sixth edition is, however, exaggerated in the publisher's blurb.

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THE MORNING AFTER

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. Third Series: Vol. III, 1938-39. Edited by E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER assisted by MARGARET LAMBERT. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

It was not to be expected that the British record of the months after Munich would contain anything startling or even interesting. Stale cigar-smoke and broken glasses dominate the scene; the diplomats tried to sweep up the mess, though they dared not open a window. Most of this volume is dreary, much of it discreditable. The achievements of Munich withered at once. It had been represented as a great victory that the Germans agreed to an International Commission to settle the new Czech frontier; in the outcome they got more than Hitler had demanded at Godesberg and broke the nerve of the Czechs into the bargain. It had also been represented as a great concession that the new Czechoslovakia would receive a British guarantee; this caused a headache when the men of Munich woke up. First they tried to persuade the French not to insist on the British guarantee; then they asked the Czechs to let them off; finally they flew into a temper with the Czechs for not making the dishonourable course easy. Munich and its discreditable consequences are usually blamed on to Chamberlain; in this volume, at any rate, Lord Halifax is shown as directing a policy perhaps more adroit but equally discreditable. In fact the time is approaching when the polite silence concerning Lord Halifax's conduct of foreign policy will have to be broken. An essay on "the foreign policy of Lord Halifax" will make a surprising study; this essay might even by comparison enhance the reputation of Sir John Simon.

Appeasement, the policy of Munich, failed as soon as it began to operate. By November, 1938, it was obvious even to the British Government that Hitler's appetite had merely increased. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax hesitated as to the remedy. Should they buy him off with more concessions, this time at the expense of Poland? If they did, Germany would become so strong that even the Western bloc of England and France might not hold. Yet Poland seemed an unsatisfactory ally, liable to disruption and unreliable into the bargain. Of course the British Government regarded an eastern expansion by Germany as less unwelcome than a western expansion; this is very far from implying that they welcomed even this. Lord Halifax even wished to keep Russia rather vaguely in the European balance of power; and the British observers in Moscow rightly dismissed the possibility of an independent Ukraine which would fall within the German orbit. In fact, if the British rulers thought at all, they must have known that the German storm would shortly blow and that it would blow against them. Hence they needed allies; a search peculiarly difficult when Munich had just shown that the reward for being faithful to the Western Powers was to be dismembered for Germany's benefit.

The real theme of this volume, so far as it has one, is therefore the problem—how to win over Italy without estranging France? This was a problem without solution. The more conscious the French were of their weakness, the more they jumped at the chance of a dispute with Italy, a foeman worthy of their inferior steel. Mussolini on his side, had fallen under the spell of German power: the British approach flattered his vanity, but it could have achieved nothing even if the British had been prepared to offer him the French colonial empire. Thus the volume is a record of futility and failure. Munich was at least a policy, though a mistaken one. When it miscarried, there remained only the pretence that nothing had happened. Most of this volume is concerned with matters so trivial that it will never be opened, let alone read. But the accounts of the meetings with the French ministers in November, 1938, and with Mussolini in January, 1939, recapture the atmosphere of that post-humous period in which the world of Versailles walked and talked half a year after its head had been cut off.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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The Sons of Brutus. By JOHN CULSHAW. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Three of this week's novels are of a high standard. The fourth I have enjoyed more than any book that I have read for the past six months. A veil of rich fatuousness hangs over Sir Duff Cooper's *nouvelle* like a Scotch mist. A glorious amalgam of *Young England*, Dornford Yates and *Lady Addle Remembers*, its inspired silliness has to be read to be believed and can only be indicated by quotation. The hero, Willie Maryngton, is a cavalry officer whose desire to see action with the British Army amounts almost to nympholepsy. The date is November, 1918, and Willie, aged nineteen, is confiding his hopes to his lifelong friend, Horace Osborne. Horace says he has a vocation too. . . .

> ". . . But mine's a secret. I don't think I can tell you because, if you have a fault, it is that you're a bit old-fashioned, and you might be shocked."
>
> "Oh, do tell me about your vocation, Horry," said Willie. "I long to hear and I swear not to tell anybody."
>
> "Let's have two more brandies first," said Horry, "one for you, to help you bear the shock and one for me because I like it."
>
> The brandies were ordered, and they took some time to come, while Horry smoked reflectively and Willie wondered what Horry's vocation could possibly be.
>
> "Well," said Horry at last . . . "it may surprise you, Willie, to learn that ever since I was ten years old I have had only one ambition in life and that was to go on the stage."
>
> Willie was shocked. . . . His first thought was that Horry was making fun of him, as he had so often done before.
>
> "You're pulling my leg?" he asked hopefully.
>
> "I was never more serious in my life," was the reply.

"But, but," Willie stammered, "chaps like us can't be actors."

"What do you mean by chaps like us?" asked Horry scornfully.

"Damn it, Horry, I mean gentlemen." He could not have said it if he had been quite sober. . . .

Reassured by Horry's reminder that Charles Hawtrey was at Eton ("and there's Gerald du Maurier, just got a commission in the Irish Guards"), Willie leaves Horry to proceed to R.A.D.A. and follows the regiment to India, where he gets engaged to Daisy Summers, the Colonel's daughter. When Daisy runs off with Caper Caffin, the regimental black sheep, Willie and Daisy's father have a man-to-man talk:

"Marynton," said the Colonel, "you're a good fellow, a damned good fellow. I wish you'd married her." He blew his nose noisily. "Sit down for a minute and let's have a talk."

Willie sat down . . . and began to talk of how he had first heard the news and of the surprise he had felt. . . . "My poor boy!" groaned the Colonel. "You don't understand the matter at all, nor all the wickedness of it. Caffin is a married man. . . ."

Willie was horrified. "Do you mean to say they are going to live together without being married?"

The Colonel nodded.

"My God! What a swine the fellow must be," Willie exclaimed. "I bet Daisy never knew he was married."

But the Colonel could not allow him even this cold comfort. "Her mother tells me," he said, "that she knew perfectly well."

After a spell of polo in Egypt, Willie returns to England where Dame Fortune takes another slap at him. The regiment is mechanised and Willie, "who had never shared the interest which most of his contemporaries took in motor cars," is in despair. The second world war comes and just as he was too young to serve in the first, so he is now too old to fight in the second:

Willie's mouth went dry, he was unable to speak, and for one terrible moment he feared he was going to cry.

"Don't take it too hard, Willie," the Colonel repeated, seeing that he was taking it very hard indeed. . . .

Meanwhile, others are doing their bit. Willie's sweetheart Felicity joins the A.F.S., while Horry puts on his matinée make-up:

Willie turned. As he did so he glanced curiously at Horry. There was something unusual in his appearance. Could he be sunburned? No—he looked again, then he saw what it was. "Horry," he said quietly, "have you been playing in a matinée?"

"No, indeed. . . ."

"Then, by God, Horry, I don't understand it," said Willie rather fiercely. "I thought perhaps you'd forgotten to take off your make-up. Are you aware, man, that your face is painted?" . . .

Horry threw back his head with his old gay laugh.

"Oh, my beloved Willie," he said, "Scotland Yard's just round the corner. Would you care to run me in for accosting? Come on, you old silly, I've got no time to lose."

"But explain, for God's sake explain," said Willie as they walked on.

And Horry explains that he is about to hoodwink the Westminster recruiting office.

In life, Willie is clearly a military liability; in death, his body is successfully used to further the ends of the Secret Service. When Horry's brother squeamishly demurs on a minor detail:

"I don't like it, Osborne," said the Brigadier. "In affairs of this sort I like to have everything water-tight. The smallest leak may sink the ship—and what a ship it is! Think man, the whole British Empire is on board!"

Were it not for the title-page, I would have said this book had been written by an elderly Daisy Ashford crouched behind an armchair in the United Service Club rather than by the distinguished author of our best contemporary life of Talleyrand. Reviewers will not easily part with *Operation Heartbreak*; it merits a place on that special shelf that contains the works of Amanda Ros and B. M. Croker.

The literary satire is a recent but indigenous growth in English fiction. Brought to luxuriance by James and Beerbohm, it reached a perfect flowering in *Cakes and Ale* and still throws out occasional blooms like Anthony Powell's witty but neglected *What's Become of Waring*. Mr. Camberton's drastic re-bedding has given the growth a new lease of life. His book is a cactal blossom, sprung from the city pavements and nourished on dust and garbage. *Scamp* is Bloomsbury unmasked, an excursion into that hinterland where the republic of letters becomes an asphalt jungle traversed by streams of mild-and-bitter. Its southern frontier is Soho, its northern is bounded by the King's Cross coffee-stalls. Between lies a waste land of pauperism, *panache* and frustrated talent where dog eats dog, and a determination to avoid the labour exchange at all costs becomes synonymous with the will to live.

Within this setting move the hollow men: Ivan Ginsberg, the young East End intellectual, facing whatever evils life brings with a tough, absent-minded disenchantment; Angus Steerforth Sims, ex-commercial traveller and author of *Gotcher Mate* ("that he found time to write at all puzzled the little crowd of habitués which watched him and heard him every evening, with respectful animosity, at his corner of the bar"); Julius Kripkin, a North Hampstead *enfant gâté*; Panjitawarelam, the mystical poet; Kagaranias, the millionaire tramp; Kroganin, the Finnish Trotskyite who escaped numerous purges and thereafter "talked in the Dome, the Coupole and the Rotonde for fifteen years," before ending up, a bearded, patriarchal figure, in the Corney Arms.

These are "humours"; some of Mr. Camberton's characters, however, are nightmare, ganglionic creatures. The reader detects several influences at work in this book as the author switches from a rich piece of characterisation like Mrs. Chabbers, a kind of feminine Walter Mitty, to Tom Sirpson the Cambridge Communist whose facial "surface decay, like the wheezing and painful creaking of his chest, was clearly the result of some radical disease, of some constitutional rotting." Though Camberton would doubtless maintain that life is like that, especially in Bloomsbury, Céline and Thurber make a disturbing mixture, especially when enlivened by Dickensian outbursts on the evils of anti-Semitism, illegal abortion, etc. Nevertheless, this *mélange* is what gives *Scamp* its savage vitality. This book remains one of the wittiest and most promising first novels I have read this year.

In *The Dolphin in the Wood*, Ralph Bates's first novel for almost ten years, the author has deserted Spain for the Wiltshire of his childhood. This is an exile's book and like most expatriate fiction everything is slightly larger and more chromatic than life. The barley is yellower, the wheat browner, the cartwheels rattle down the lanes a shade too insistently, while the local rum codgers of the village fling their "b'ain'ts" and "drats" about like birdseed or utter self-consciously rustic remarks like "Be no sweeter herb than frying bacon, unless it be Blenheim apple" or "the tufts of wood on the gorse bushes was soppin' with dew and side o' Starvall were more silvery than green."

But this luxuriance is verbal rather than sentimental and it is not entirely misplaced. Although Mr. Bates's book is the study of a boy's slow growth to manhood in an English village, the reader finds himself less concerned with Roger Frome than with Wellingdon Parva. The author has failed in his portrait of the hero but he has succeeded in portraying a village. His English Countryside (1910) is a fine period landscape, elegiac and heavily fruit-laden, sweet and cloying as a barn full of rotten apples. His yeomen, too, despite their sometimes falsely archaic phraseology, are the genuine pre-Sir Edward German article. Parts of this book are extremely moving and none more so than those in which Mr. Bates describes the men of Wellingdon Parva during the first world war. Here his novel succeeds admirably, becoming a gloss on Wilfred Owen's line, "and bugles calling for them from sad shires."

The scene of Mr. Culshaw's book is a bombed Bavarian town a few months after the war. It deals with a set of criminals (D.Ps., Poles and Germans) and their relations with the American

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Army. The theme of the book is Machiavelli's dictum: "He who establishes a dictatorship and does not kill Brutus or he who founds a republic and does not kill the sons of Brutus, will reign only a short time." Such a text leads one to expect a Koestlerish treatment. Every now and then Mr. Culshaw remembers this and gives us three or four pages of politico-philosophic despair and self-analysis, but his book generally remains at the level of an intelligent thriller which happens to have been set in occupied Germany. The final denouement—a U.S. Colonel's choice of a burgomaster who is head of the local terrorist and black market gang—strikes me as being less the irony of history than the author giving a good final twist to the tail of his narrative.

JOHN RAYMOND

AN APPROACH TO JAMES

The Crooked Corridor: A Study of Henry James. By ELIZABETH STEVENSON. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

From Auden to Winters: from Los Angeles to Paris: poets, novelists and critics—they have all written about Henry James. The activity has been tremendous, and many people must have been disappointed that it has generated so little light. Often an essay on James has meant only the holding up of another pale candle in the Roman sunlight of that illustrious mind, so that in the end one comes to believe that what has been achieved is not so much a literary criticism as a religious observance. The truth is that when a great artist has written copiously, not only in general about his vocation, but in detail about his work, there isn't a great deal left for anyone else to say.

The best hope lies in standing on some different ground from that which James himself occupied, and so having a different viewpoint. The difficulty lies in finding such ground. At first sight it would seem reasonable enough to expect a Marxist, a Freudian, a mystic, a philosopher, or perhaps a poet, to cast a beam across the shadows. And it is true that the poets, with their special insight, have done something of this kind, as for instance when Auden suggests the allegorical significance of *The Great Good Place*, and refutes in this context the charge that James acknowledges the values of the rich bourgeois world which he depicts. Yet it is in fact unjustifiable to make a distinction between James and the poets, since, in the essay of Auden's that I have referred to (his Introduction to *The American Scene*) it is to James's "great and original poetic gifts" that the poet is paying homage. As to the Freudians, the well-known and ingenious interpretation of *The Turn of the Screw* advanced by Edmund Wilson has been demonstrated by Robert Liddell to be untenable, and although this does not by any means close the question of whether James always "knew what he was saying," it emphasises the danger of supposing that on any particular occasion he did not. Liddell also has put very strikingly the case for regarding James as a mystic. The Marxist, whatever the view he might form of James as a writer—and it is certainly possible to find in James something of what Lenin admired in Balzac—would at any rate not wish to have James's characters, as Malraux wished to have Proust's, on the other side of a barricade. There would be no real satisfaction in having there people such as the Jamesian reactionary, Ransom—courageous, stoical, and primed with the belief that life is at best a desperate affair. Proust, incidentally, resembles James very closely in being an unrewarding subject for purely "literary" criticism; the most illuminating study of his work that I have read is by a scholar, Georges Poulet, whose approach is metaphysical rather than aesthetic. One would not like to forecast what depth of thought such a study of James might plumb, but it would at the least, I feel sure, confirm that James, like Ransom, "had read Comte; he had read everything."

It is then a bold thing for a young critic to have joined battle with a complete book, *A Study of Henry James*. Miss Stevenson, however, makes an excellent first impression. She approaches her subject without apologising or fussing, and gets down to her business promptly. Her business, too, is straightforward enough. She is not trying to catch James out; she is simply, as she says, making a study. She makes her modest and perceptive way along a track which is well-trodden, but in doing so she broadens it a little, clearing up the edges and giving a glimpse here, suggesting a possible view there. She scales no cliffs and bridges no valleys. It is her merit to keep close to the ground, making few generalisations which are not backed up by numerous particular instances. She is never at a loss for these: her knowledge is extensive and ready. Yet *The Crooked Corridor* is modest also in being brief.

The danger for such a book as this is vapidity. Miss Stevenson appears as a kind of Pansy Osmond of Jamesian criticism, the "blank page" *jeune fille*. In writing about James she seems a little like a girl going to her first ball, as though no one had ever done such a thing before. She seems to think it unbecoming that she should take sides in, or even be aware of, controversy. She treats the *Portrait of a Lady* and *The Ambassadors* without glancing at the debate about their relative merits; she mentions neither Lubbock nor Leavis. One would not learn, from *The Crooked Corridor*, that there were two opinions about James's Late Period, or about the value of his later revisions of his earlier novels. Or take another question. "James", said Gide, "is not in himself interesting; he is only intelligent," and in saying this it seems to me that he obliged any responsible author of a book-length study to examine the point, as Mathiessen does in *The Major Phase*. It is really once again the point of whether James "knew what he was saying," in for instance, *The Turn of the Screw*, or in depicting the various ambiguous relationships in his novels, of which that of Olive Chancellor and Verena Tarrant in *The Bostonians* is only the most notorious. It is true that these matters have been endlessly talked about and argued, but when interest in them is exhausted it will be because interest in James is exhausted.

Yet in spite of gaps and inadequacies it is difficult to believe that Miss Stevenson has deliberately avoided difficulties. Her book is sympathetic and intelligent, unaffected and straightforward. One returns to the subtitle, *A Study*. This is not an inaccurate title, but it would I think have been better to have called *The Crooked Corridor* an *Introduction to Henry James*. That is, in fact what it is, and there must be many people who want such a thing. To them it may be recommended: the others, those who have advanced a certain distance upon the Way, might read it with advantage, but they need not reckon it indispensable.

J. D. SCOTT

BEYOND APPEARANCES

Inward Companion and Other Poems. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Faber.* 8*s* 6*d.*

Mountains Beneath the Horizon. By WILLIAM BELL. Edited with an Introduction by JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. *Faber.* 8*s* 6*d.*

The civil war between the partisans of "modern" poetry and the defenders of "tradition" seems to have ended; not, of course, with the victory of one side or the other, but—as in so many wars—with gains and losses on both sides and general uncertainty as to what it was all about. It now appears that the *avant-garde* was no more than its name implies: not a fifth column, but a loyal force with functions comparable to those of the Reconnaissance Corps.

The survivors of literary wars are usually found among those who have remained most true to themselves, whether as combatants or observers. Mr. Walter de la Mare is one of these; a lyrical poet, in the strictest sense of the word, he has confined himself to the material of lyrical poetry and acquired perfect mastery of his medium. Anyone who doubts this mastery should study the irregularities of form in Mr. de la Mare's latest volume; only the surest of craftsmen can allow himself so much freedom and flexibility. Nor could such a doubt arise at all, were it not for the apparent artlessness and the extreme delicacy of these poems; form and substance are so well fused in them that the reader is not even conscious of the distinction, but takes the poet's skill for granted, as he should. Many living poets have experimented more daringly than Mr. de la Mare; but none can surpass him in the art of improvising, the spontaneous creation of new forms. This rare gift can be discerned even in his epigrams, of which there are a good many in the new collection; the subject-matter is never conducted into a ready-made form, but flows freely into the shape best suited to it.

> Engrossed in the day's "news," I read
> Of all in man that's vile and base;
> Horrors confounding heart and head—
> Massacre, murder, filth, disgrace:
> Then paused. And thought did inward tend—
> On my own past, and self, to dwell.
>
> Whereat some inmate muttered, "Friend,"
> If you and I plain truth must tell,
> *Everything* human we comprehend,
> Only too well, too well.

As in the purely lyrical poems, nothing in this epigram, *Incomprehensible*, is mechanical; the rhyme scheme serves a specific purpose, that of carrying us on to the point.

William Bell was killed while climbing the Matterhorn, at the age of twenty-four; *Mountains Beneath the Horizon* is a selection from his unpublished poetry made by his friend, John Heath-Stubbs. Though William Bell was half a century younger than Mr. de la Mare and his style was influenced by W. B. Yeats and Ezra Pound, his work shows few of the characteristics expected of "modern" poetry. His syntax, it is true, is that of our own time; but the salient allusions and images in his poetry are connected

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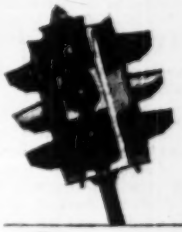

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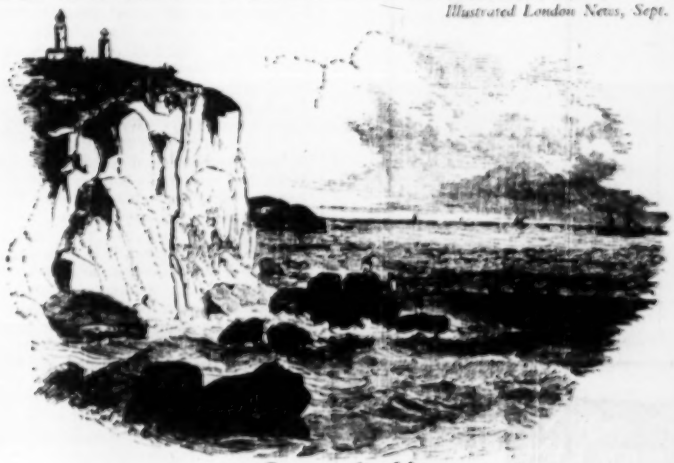

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with Christian ritual, Greek myths and his own passion for mountaineering. He delighted in strict and elaborate forms, elegies modelled on the Italian *canzone* and sonnets in which masculine and feminine endings alternate, as in the French sonnet. Even his songs, though lighter and more colloquial, are flawlessly regular.

In the songs, the influence of Yeats is too marked, while many of the sonnets suffer from a certain monotony, due to an excessive refinement of the form; but the twelve *Rhetorical Elegies* are a very considerable achievement.

> O when you played your music seemed unending
> and then at your commands
> legions of angels descending
> would succour you, or bear you in their hands.
> But now the rejoicing chorus stands apart
> watching the judgment that you do not fear
> thunder across the ranges of the heart,
> salt water filling the musical mouth and ear.
> Now you are lost
> to the confederation of the weathers
> which lay your body bare
> and cover you with frost,
> even with those miraculous feathers
> forming like frost in the unruffled air.

This is the concluding stanza of *Elegy VIII*; but all these elegies have the same virtues: controlled grandeur, lucidity and beauty of texture. Their limitations are not those commonly associated with immaturity: they are never marred by the clumsiness found in the early work of less gifted poets, but sometimes by stiffness and coldness. It may be that William Bell did not live long enough to profit fully by the strict discipline of his apprenticeship; if his forms are faultless, his command of them lacks the ease of complete mastery. Yet it seems to me that the strange formality of these poems should rather be attributed to the poet's Platonism, his distrust of appearances, his dislike of the immediate, the specific and the trivial. His environment seems to have given him next to nothing; Mr. Heath-Stubbs suggests that "his imagination was aural rather than visual," but these poems show as little evidence of aural experience as of visual observation. It would be foolish to complain of this peculiarity: it is the counterpart of the poet's idealism, a quality rare enough in our time; and it is related to his predilection for mountain climbing, a symbolic act of transcendence. This desire to attain a reality beyond appearances can be felt in all his poems and does much to justify their conventional or abstract imagery; often, as in *Ballade*, it gives rise to lines of great beauty:

> . . . Cold, the eternal cold, the frost that closes
> over the brilliant and the beautiful
> loosening the petals from the Christmas roses,
> loosening the lips from the musician's skull,
> —indeed, the tongue of song, the flower's pistil,
> never have known precision such as this,
> gathering up into a single crystal
> whatever graced the perfume and the kiss.
> Only within that crystal the infernal
> Or the celestial flame may always burn.
> Darkness and cold have made the rose eternal.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

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ELLA FREEMAN SHARPE

Collected Papers on Psychoanalysis. By ELLA FREEMAN SHARPE. *Hogarth Press.* 21s.

When Ella Freeman Sharpe died just under three years ago at the age of seventy-two, her death was barely recorded except in professional psychoanalytical circles. Judging by her literary remains—I never met her in person—she was one of the most remarkable Englishwomen of recent years, remarkable for her wisdom and her sensitivity, remarkable also for her life. Up to the age of forty-six she was a teacher of English literature; she then went to Berlin to be psychoanalysed by Hanns Sachs, and spent the last quarter of a century of her life, when most women would be thinking of retirement, as an active analyst, teacher and writer; at the time of her death she had in preparation two books, of which unfortunately she had only completed a small portion; a single chapter on *Talks to Students of Psychoanalysis*, and one complete and one uncompleted section of *The Cyclic Movement in Shakespeare's Plays*. With only a couple of minor exceptions, all her papers appeared in the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, a journal which does not have a wide circulation; and it is therefore gratifying that Marjorie Brierley has edited and the Hogarth Press published her *Collected Papers* so that they are now more widely available, though it is to be regretted that the proof-reading was done so carelessly that there is scarcely a page without a misprint, and that the quotations were not checked against authoritative sources; many are at present almost incomprehensible. Her only widely available book is her *Dream Analysis*, published in 1937.

It is difficult to state succinctly in what her special quality consists. Except for her Shakespearean criticism, to which I shall revert, she produced no major ideas or innovations in the theory or practice of psychoanalysis; the views she expounded were orthodox. Her expositions are made with a clarity and conciseness which are uncommon in any writing, rare in scientific writing, and unparalleled in the literature of psychoanalysis. She had the poet's fascination with, and respect for, words as words and she brought the same sensitivity to the material that her patients produced, and to the textbooks of psychoanalysis, as she brought to poetry. This respect for words saved her from being taken in by the jargon which bedevils psychoanalysis and psychoanalytic thinking. "What," she asks,

> What have the words "transference," "negative," "positive" to do with childhood's life? Love, hate, horror, disgust, guiltiness, fear, distrust, need for support, shame, repentance, pride, desire, condemnation *do* convey meaning. They have a sense for us; but what is "transference" as an explanation of what we feel?

A second rare quality is a very real respect for other people. This is meant to be part of all psychoanalysts' professional equipment, but their behaviour and writings suggest that in many cases their attitude is somewhat Pharisaical, with the analysed as the elect and the rest of the world miserable sinners. Not so Miss Sharpe:

> I would here search the analyst's conscience with regard to the word "normal." Do we hope that our patient will be so analysed as to emerge a *normal* person, or do we hope that by analysing resistances to resolve anxiety the patient's own potentialities may be realisable? The first is to set one's own goal in front of the patient; the second is to set oneself the *patient's* unknown goal. . . . If we are analysing to make people "normal" instead of "analysing," then we must look once more for our own infantile super-ego, look to see if "normal" is not meaning somehow our idea of good, our idea of perfect.

Her *Collected Papers* are divided into three sections: papers on technique, papers on theory, and papers on literary interpretation. The first section consists in greatest part of seven lectures on the technique of psychoanalysis; although they are intended for a professional audience they constitute, to my mind, the best available introduction to the practice of psychoanalysis for the layman which exists in the literature, after the basic works of Freud. Without a knowledge of these, Miss Sharpe's work would probably be impossible to understand; but I can imagine no better commentary and exegesis. The four theoretical papers are less impressive, though not without some typical insights, in particular the paper on *Certain Aspects of Sublimation and Delusion* with its linking of the drawings of the dark cave of Altamira and the pictures in the dark cave of the modern cinema. Finally there are the four papers on literary interpretation. The study of Francis Thompson is a fairly conventional piece of psychoanalytic exegesis; and the first Shakespearean paper, *The Impatience of Hamlet*, follows the practice of Freud, Ernest Jones, and countless non-analytical writers in treating Hamlet as though he were a real person; but the two final papers, *From King Lear to The Tempest* and the unfinished paper on Hamlet seem to me to be the most revealing and original pieces of Shakespearean criticism for many years.

Part of the originality consists in the insistence that the plays were written by an individual, that Shakespeare was a person, and not the demiurge which most of us tend to think him. As a person he had to feel emotions before he could describe them; his creations were all of them aspects of his personality; he was as much Iago as Othello, as much Fortinbras as Hamlet. Indeed, as Miss Sharpe points out, the record of his life is much more Fortinbras than Hamlet, the successful man of business rather than the moody and tortured dreamer. With the assumptions that the plays were written by one man, that the emotions depicted represented, in symbolical form, emotions felt by that man, that the themes were congenial to the emotions, that the symbols of poetry are as amenable to interpretation as the symbols of dreams, combined with the meagre certain facts of Shakespeare's life, what, Miss Sharpe asks in effect, can we learn about Shakespeare?

Her answers are surprising and convincing, but so concise and so closely reasoned that any attempt to summarise them is bound to produce distortion. Some of the conclusions Miss Sharpe reaches are based on very tenuous evidence, though, had she lived to complete her projected work, she would certainly have provided other material from the plays and poems she has not discussed. Incomplete and tenuous though the present fragments may be, they do suggest human emotions and an understandable life taking place behind "yon marble brow," instead of the piece of memorial statuary which blots out the living man, and the living child who was father to that man. Such an analysis was dependent on the almost unique combination of two usually mutually exclusive gifts, the subtlest analytic insight and a devoted understanding of poetry. For Miss

In a letter to the New Statesman

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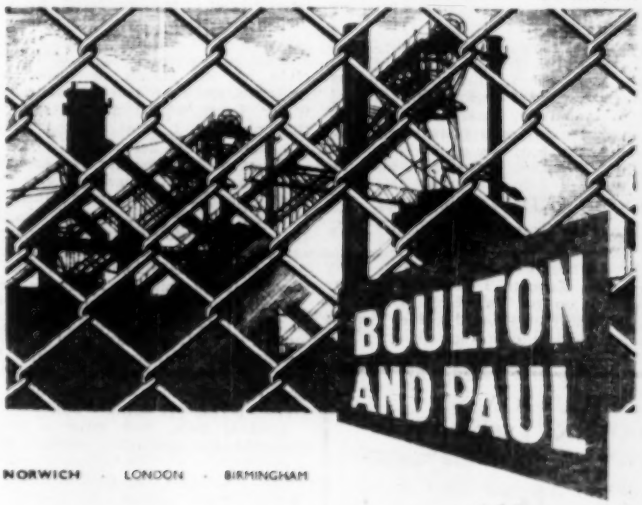

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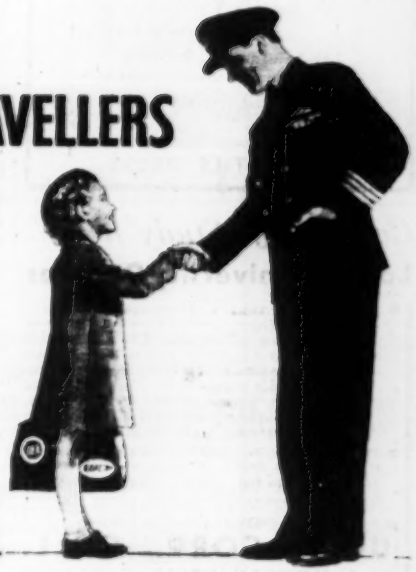

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Sharpe the two gifts were complementary: "In the endeavour to probe the working of the human mind, science and art are both indispensable. Scientists will fail unless there is fused with science something of creative art; the artist will fail unless he has the detachment and objectivity of the scientist." And again, "The science of psychoanalysis has arisen through art. Art precedes science. The science has been formulated out of that which art has evoked." This was true of Miss Sharpe, and to a great extent it was true of Freud himself; but, alas, her statements represent wishes rather than facts. Most contemporary psychoanalysts have no more knowledge of art than most other doctors; and a great many habitually work in an alien language whose poetry must be a closed book to them. Apart from her innate gifts, it was the first half of her working life spent as a teacher of English which enabled Miss Sharpe to approach Shakespeare with such understanding; but her body betrayed her, and she died before she could give us all the fruits of her ripeness.

GEOFFREY GORER

HEROIC ACTING SINCE 1944

He that Plays the King. By KENNETH TYNAN. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When he was twenty—a long time ago, nearly four years—Mr. Kenneth Tynan sent an essay he had written on the Valk-Wolfit *Othello* to James Agate, who then referred to him in print as "a great dramatic critic in the making." This was his trump card till a year or two later Mr. Tynan produced the first quarto *Hamlet* at the Rudolf Steiner Hall. Then, having written a book of essays on performances, Mr. Tynan, being in Paris, deposited the typescript on a bewildered Orson Welles who now writes for it an introduction beginning, "Dear Mr. Tynan, then. By the way what *are* you? Besides being the author of this book, I mean." Whatever may be the answer to that question, the content of this book is best described in one of Mr. Tynan's own sub-titles, "Heroic acting since 1944." He writes a deliberate pastiche of Hazlitt, not the lesser Hazlitt of the considered afterthought, but the greater Hazlitt scribbling his day-to-day notices with the performance still hot in his blood, and the boy waiting for copy downstairs. I have often felt the Hazlitt newspaper notices are neglected, and I am glad they seem to be known to Mr. Tynan, who is indeed very well read and the only man I know of who claims textual acquaintance with Seneca.

When in his notices for *The Examiner* Hazlitt contrasts Kemble with Kean and invokes the great Siddons, deftly probing their faults and their virtues, the effect is vivid enough to make the reader substitute contemporary names, reading say Olivier for Kean and Redgrave for Kemble, perhaps Evans for Siddons. In a more systematic way this is just what Mr. Tynan has done. Oddly enough, what saves the situation is the amount of truth there is in the sub-title, "Heroic Acting since 1944." In the flash of a *butterfly twinkler* (what an admirably-named firework!) Mr. Tynan sees contemporary theatre as a historical period, and when someone does this it often means the word "period" is only too apt.

Looking back, with what a glow can we remember the high-lights, Olivier's Hotspur (the stammering w's!) Richardson's grave Falstaff, Olivier's Oedipus (the great Ai! Ai!) the Valk-Wolfit Othello already mentioned, and some productions, as Peter Brook's sultry *Romeo and Juliet*, Michael Benthall's existentialist *White Devil*. And then, though the theatres were of a different kind, the glow is recognisably the same, we think of Sid Field in "what a performance!" and of Danny Kaye's first appearances at the Palladium. Are we right in seeing after the event that we were living through a period of romantic larger-than-life acting, acting that is heroic or nothing? And are we also right if we think of the period as over?

At the time we complained, as we still do, there were too many revivals and not enough new plays, though the queues outside the New Theatre stood all night: and, in another theatre which Mr. Tynan remembers as the Savoy though I think of it as the Winter Garden, I recall the gallery for the Valk-Wolfit match when I found myself surrounded by packs of rival fans who were as partisan and unhighbrow as supporters of the 'Spurs. Agate on Sunday wrote up the occasion as a boxing match between bruiser Iago Wolfit and battering Othello Valk. (Once in the last century rivalry between two Hamlets in competitive theatres on Broadway came to a head in riots that left seventeen dead, and if that's not true my handbook of theatrical anecdotes is a liar!)

Such are the occasions of which Mr. Tynan writes. Like Hazlitt he goes straight to the acting and ignores the plays. And, again like Hazlitt, he essays the beguiling exercise of a prolonged description of a performance, almost a forgotten art. He is best, I think, with the two comedians, Field and Kaye: each acts before us on his page. As an example of his method, note when Mr. Tynan goes to see Valk as Solness he does not start by saying, as most of us would, something like this:

> Mr. Valk throws a new light on *The Master Builder*, it is rather as if Freud had got among the Ibsen cogwheels.

That would be literary-dramatic criticism which is not Mr. Tynan's way. Instead he begins like this:

> This performance is the most towering single thing to be seen in the West End for many months. It is also the strongest, and I am not excepting public buildings, works of sculpture, or even the pavements we tread on.

Ercles' vein, but it does lead into some good writing about acting, writing which does not always lack the precipitating phrase.

If Mr. Tynan recognises instinctively, as Hazlitt did before him, that a heroic period of acting gives the dramatist a poor show, should we be glad or sorry to be through with it? Yes and no, it depends how the period dies: last time it took us a generation to get over it. Shall we ever have heroic acting *and* contemporary drama? Or is it the human situation in the theatre that we never get both at once?

MONTAGU SLATER

JOHNSON HIMSELF

Johnson: Prose and Poetry. Selected by MONA WILSON. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

Two circumstances tend to obscure the quality and variety of Johnson's achievement as a writer. The first is the ascendancy of Boswell's *Life*, itself a work of such various and inexhaustible interest that many are content to turn from the end to the beginning without investigation of what Johnson himself has left us. The second is the seeming heavy uniformity of Johnson's style, whether exercised in prose or verse. Anyone with a lively feeling for mere humanity can delight in Boswell, but a modicum of literary training is required if one is to distinguish behind the balanced periods and studied *gravitas* of Johnsonese those qualities of compassion and courage, of catholic interest and strongly individual feeling, of Saxon melancholy disciplined by Latin civilization, that give Johnson his abiding stature as an English writer. Like his namesake Ben, he is not immediately intoxicating. Six clever schoolboys will discover intellectual exhilaration in the wit of *Candide* for one whose imagination will respond to the sober-suited irony of *Rasselas*.

Nevertheless Johnson has probably always been what he would most have wished to be, a persuasive mentor. Early in our reading lives he makes certain mature attitudes to life comprehensible and appealing. This is not because he is primarily a moralist but because he is primarily a writer—a writer in whose ink-horn manner, when persevered with, we find paradoxically preserved the voice of a unique human being, communicating such wisdom as he has proved upon his pulse. *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is an "imitation" of another poem, and its opening lines, encountered in an anthology, would suggest the most stereotyped Augustan declamation. Yet only Johnson could have written it. And it is so well written, is so good a poem, that it may take its place in our poetic experience beside *Atalanta in Calydon* or *Sohrab and Rustum*, while being far more of a moral experience than either of these. It was at the morality that Johnson always aimed. From the early *Vision of Theodore* (an admirable inclusion in the present volume) down to *The Lives of the Poets* he strove, in the first place, to diffuse instruction in the sphere of human conduct. Yet, essentially, it is his art that approves him. His distinction is in his tone and accent—in these and other qualities constituting a perfection of suasive style. He knows how to claim the maximal authority that we will readily allow. He knows too what literary fields are aptest to his purpose. And in one of these, the field of literary biography, he is an innovator of the first importance.

He might, it is sometimes said, have been a novelist. Certainly his intense interest in human life gave him something of the novelist's eye. There is an occasion in *Rasselas* upon which the Princess and Pekuah visit an astronomer, their excuse being that Pekuah has a little dabbled in astronomy and wishes to improve herself in the subject. "The ladies dressed themselves magnificently." Pekuah spoke "with ease and elegance." And the astronomer, although Pekuah's knowledge was in fact extremely

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limited, "looked upon her as a prodigy of genius, and entreated her not to desist from a study which she had so happily begun." An identical observation of the ways of the scholar's or artist's heart when brought into contact with worldly splendour appears in that part of *Anna Karenina* which describes the visit of the heroine to the painter who is to execute her portrait.

But Johnson was prejudiced against prose fiction, and in the *Idler* declared that "from the time of life when fancy begins to be overruled by reason and corrected by experience, the most artful tale raises little curiosity when it is known to be false." Nor did he hold a high opinion of the value of historical writing. "What shall we learn from *that* stuff?" he demanded once in conversation. It is not from "the stratagems of war and the intrigues of courts," nor from "striking and wonderful vicissitudes" that we shall derive the most useful lessons, but from a just scrutiny of the fortunes of persons "levelled with the general surface of life." Hence the aptness of men of letters to the biographer's purpose. A studious life is little subject to extraordinary casualties; writers commonly occupy the same middle rank in society as do their readers; in the literary world, moreover, there is much acute scrutiny of one man by another, and much familiar record is available to the curiosity of the biographer. In this, as in much else that he has to say on the "usefulness" of biography, Johnson is perhaps largely rationalising a simple predilection. "The biographical part of literature," he once said, "is what I love most." If he wrote a great poem, a great fable, a fascinating travel-book, and the finest of all comprehensive criticisms of Shakespeare, his supreme achievement is nevertheless *The Lives of the Poets*, and the particular happiness of that crowning work is the balanced illumination it sheds alike upon the characters and the achievements of the writers discussed.

To judge of Johnson's achievement in this way is to have some doubt about Miss Wilson's dealings with the *Lives* in what is otherwise an admirably contrived volume. She prints the early *Life of Savage* in full—undoubtedly a wise disposition of space—and then elects to give excerpts from no fewer than 31 of the remaining 51 lives, with the emphasis mainly upon the parts devoted to literary criticism. Few who know the work *in extenso* will take pleasure in renewing acquaintance with it in this form; and newcomers may be irked at finding, immediately under the heading *Thomas Gray*:

> Gray's Poetry is now to be considered; and I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confess that I contemplate it with less pleasure than his life.

One further criticism suggests itself. The disposition of the miscellaneous verse at the end of the book involves an unnecessary expenditure of blank paper which might with advantage have been used to give a modicum of desirable annotation. Who (p. 17) was the great Ludolfus? In what parliamentary bill (p. 21) were such cruelties proposed as are yet unknown among the most savage nations? How (p. 24) are we to interpret "*Here the Urg*; Wintinnong *call'd* to Order, *and Urg*; Ptit *sitting down, he spoke thus*"? With what appropriateness in 1749 did Johnson celebrate (p. 164) "Bodley's Dome"? But this, perhaps, is to ask for more than one's money's worth. At a guinea this volume is uncommonly good value, and not least in the excellence of its text, prepared with scholarly accuracy by Mr. John Crow.

J. I. M. STEWART

MUSICAL COMEDY

King's Rhapsody. By HESTER W. CHAPMAN. *Harrap.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

It sometimes happens that novels find themselves tricked out with song and dance and cavorting upon the stage (the matchless *Oklahoma* was one), but the reverse process is a rarity. Devotees of this century's lighter musical entertainments will know why. The plots, threadbare to the point of indecency, are not for the printed page; indeed, for a long period the divulging of the mere details of the story was entrusted to a member of the chorus whose voice and vowels could be relied on. At a convenient moment it was her privilege to dart forward from the simpering row, draw a deep breath and shriek: "Say, girls, heard the latest? Archie's simply livid!" There followed a rush of information concerning Archie's guardian (Sir Gregory Powder), Archie's oil shares and Archie's urgent requirement of ten thousand pounds by midnight. These telling words safely gasped out, the male chorus hastened on (in *No, No, Nanette* they came from the beach in full polo rig) and partnered the girls in a vigorous *reprise* of the song that the programme-sellers were to flap hopefully at one in the interval.

These gay pieces usually unrolled themselves in the lounge of the Hotel Magnificent (seating accommodation on the skimpy side), moving later to the Cafe Grandiflora at Menton during wistaria time. To add to the *bon ton* the small part players tended to have titled roles ("May I introduce Lady Lancaster?": "How do you do, Lanky Ladester"—*Mr. Cinders*). There were, of course, songs ("I like your eyes, dear, don't tell such lies dear"—*The Blue Train*) and dances ("It's never too late to Mendelssohn"—*Oh, Kay*). There were jokes, heaps of them ("I played on the euphonium when I was five": "I played on the linoleum when I was two"—*Tip-Toes*). When necessary there was period dialogue ("Nay, pretty spitfire . . . I've a mind to deal you a smack on the chops"—*Blue Eyes*). Delightful as all this was, there was little to attract the novelist.

One swallow has, however, on this occasion, made a summer. Mr. Novello, that tireless purveyor of honeyed happiness, is as good a writer as he is a composer, and in *King's Rhapsody* (at, suitably, The Palace) it is the play that is the thing, however many hearts may tunefully awake with Miss Vanessa Lee or fly home with Miss Olive Gilbert. Do orchestras ever move with the times and down cellos? If they do, this entertainment need not bat an eyelid. It has plot and pace and sense, and, incidentally, two of the wittiest lines now being uttered in London.

It is, perhaps, surprising that Mrs. Chapman has preferred a ready-made story on which to hang her charming decorations (admirers of *I Will Be Good* will remember her inventiveness), and has kept firmly to the wayward Balkan King (from Murania, though he bears traces of a different origin) and his Princess Christiane (from Norseland). She has, it is true, filled out some of the characters and created others (including a Terrible Child, unequalled in repulsion) and tidied up the ending, but it is *King's Rhapsody* all right, and very handsomely Mrs. Chapman and Mr. Novello have served each other.

A word of advice. Mrs. Chapman must finish more of her sentences. We are too often left suspended on a pregnant dash: "'And you——' I began," "'But you can't——' Marta expostulated," and so on. It is a strain on the inquisitive reader. The reviewer is tempted to end by saying that Mrs. Chapman's book is, well, I mean, but, you should——. For her comfort, and your pleasure, the missing words are "read it."

ARTHUR MARSHALL

CRIME

Cup Final Murder. By BERNARD NEWMAN. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Accident by Design. By E. C. R. LORAC. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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Murder Goes to Press. By CICELY CAIRNS. *Constable.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Murder at Wembley Stadium, in the presence of 100,000 spectators, is a challenge that puts the reader on his mettle. How the Leicester bookmaker came to die with his head on Mr. Gollancz's shoulder is a sensational, but perfectly genuine, poser; for which the author deserves some credit. The remainder of *Cup Final Murder* is equally sensational, but in a different key. Mr. Newman has been flinging up his heels with spies all over the globe too long to submit tamely to detective harness: he tugs his unfortunate plot through the Iron Curtain like a reluctant atom scientist in order to rob it of all its respectable attributes. The judicious reader will be grateful for the original problem and shrug the rest aside.

Accident By Design, the only straightforward item of detection on the list, ransacks rural England for eligible suspects from whom to pick the murderer of the heir to great estates and his Australian wife by tinkering with the brakes. The dead couple, by their uncouth demeanour, presented a fair enough target. (It is not the motives of their enemies that I quarrel with, but their mechanics. The adjustment of brakes, for good or ill, requires in my experience a competent garage rather than an amateur murderer.) The characters are not without flavour; suspicion is handsomely distributed; and the plot, in spite of its scrupulous fairness, may easily trip you up. Such a book, in these lean times, deserves a thorough reading. With thrillers in mass-production and so many of the *élite* of detection taking to *art nouveau*, E. C. R. Lorac presents the pleasant contrast of a conscientious craftsman still at work.

The less said about *The Bride of Newgate* the better. Masquerading as a historical novel of the Regency period, the book reads like a cross between *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, with detective embellishments. The author declares that the lingo he inflicts on his characters is taken from contemporary sources. It sounds to me uncommonly like the Baroness Orczy: and is high-falutin enough to make Jane Austen turn in her grave. Mr. Dickson Carr has never cut a more extravagant figure in fancy dress.

Patrick Quentin, too, is taking time off from his regular stamping-ground. *The Follower*, although billed as detection, is a mere thriller with the conventional twist in the tail—routine stuff. The Mexican setting, the faces of the gangsters, even the wisecracks arouse little beyond a sensation of *déjà vu*.

Miss Nancy Spain and the Dean of Durham provide the comic element; Miss Spain specialises

in uproarious slap-stick, and Dr. Alington in the milder reaches of clerical humour. *R in the Month*, wherein someone profits by the prevailing pandemonium to doctor the oysters, supplies a further rollicking instalment of Miss Miriam Birdseye's addiction to crime and high cockalorum. *Gold and Gaiters* meanders gently over the pebbles of *The Times* cross-word and through the green sward of Eng. Lit. to robbery in the Cathedral Close. But are archdeacons all as arch as Dr. Alington assumes?

Inquiries by the Yard corresponds exactly to its title. Mr. Brock conducts a murder investigation in true Scotland Yard fashion; and for all its authenticity (vetted by ex-Chief Inspector Birch) the result is a thriller in slow-motion. Successful prosecutions for murder in real life depend on prosaic team-work. Moreover, the police are not busy trying to guess who the guilty party may be, but in collecting sufficient evidence against the most likely person. Although the criminal is plainly in view, Mr. Brock's story is still forced to proceed at the stolid pace of a policeman walking his beat.

Once authors escape from the full rigours of the detective game, they unbutton with sighs of relief. The writing of crime stories, i.: which they are under no obligation to baffle the reader, gives them scope to revel, in their murderers, instead of hiding them away in cupboards. For instance, *All Fall Down* contains an explicitly fiendish individual, who thinks nothing of seduction, swindling or sudden death. Mr. Kennington's style is so exhilarating and persuasive that one feels a sense of betrayal when this exciting novel tails off into melodrama. Mr. Garden's murderer is of the opposite type—nothing but a bundle of nerves. His fears, bravado and final remorse after pushing his wife overboard in *Murder Isn't Private* have an obsessional quality that becomes rather tedious for readers who are not yet ready to dispose of their wives.

Miss Josephine Tey enjoys a category to herself, as a virtuoso in the spurious. As might be expected the plot of *To Love and Be Wise* centres round a fascinating impostor; but the nature of the deception on this occasion is too good to give away. Admirers of *Brat Farrar* and *The Franchise Affair* will know what to expect and will not be disappointed.

The last book on the list must receive a tragic posthumous notice. Cicely Cairns died before *Murder Goes to Press* was published. She was a journalist of wide experience; and used her inside knowledge of Fleet Street in the setting for her one and only detective story. The style is vivid and accomplished; the plot fresh and exciting; the characters of the journalists hum with life. Only the ease of spotting the criminal stamps the beginner. With such zest and intelligence one would have predicted that the authoress was the most likely recruit called to the colours of detection for many a year. As it is, *Murder Goes to Press* can only be recommended as the best of this bunch.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE HEALTH SERVICES

The Health of the People. By S. LEFF. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Medical Officer of Health for Willesden had an excellent idea when he set out to write a comprehensive popular survey of the growth and present position of the Health Services; he had wide practical experience behind him and has shown great industry in studying reports dealing with the health of the populace over four centuries. But unfortunately Dr. Leff lacks the technical skill and the temperament of a historian. He forgets that if the sundial is not a complete and accurate recorder of the climate, neither is a rain-gauge. The recitation of neglect and disease become monotonous, and the pattern of events blurred and confused. "There was no serious attempt to practise preventive medicine" is a curiously anachronistic comment on the sanitary conditions of the seventeenth century. Never do we get a well-focused picture of any period, nor does he enable us to follow the steps whereby conditions have improved. But Dr. Leff would possibly deny that anything has improved as it should; even under a Labour Government there is no health in us.

There is much useful miscellaneous information, and the extracts from old reports may be of value to the student, but the reader would be seriously misled by the pessimistic and carping accounts of the school health service, the mental hospital and many other items. The chapters on Rehabilitation and Industrial Medicine are the best in the book, for there Dr. Leff forgets political grievances for a moment and gets down to an objective account of a theme familiar to him. On the present condition of the health services the writer is critical to an unreasonable degree. His main contention is that there is a general lack of control through elected representatives, especially on hospital committees, and that the whole existing system of local government is chaotic and should have been reorganised in the "two-tier" system of which he gives a lengthy exposition. He also considers that the doctors have far too much administrative power under the new regime, which will surprise them considerably. In a book of this kind, the numerous and cogent arguments which led Mr. Bevan to reject these proposals should at least have been discussed, but it is not Dr. Leff's way to see that his opponent has a case. He would have given us a better book, and one more worthy of his talents, if he could have done so.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

The Whig Interpretation of History. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is nearly twenty years since Professor Butterfield won his reputation by criticising the Whig interpretation of history; his adventurous essay is now republished unchanged. This is a pity: it would have worn better if it had been accompanied with the later essay on the Englishman and his History, in which Professor Butterfield answered his own earlier attack. There is of course still something in the point that the historian always thinks himself too clever by half, merely because he comes after the events which he describes; and there is a historical weakness which consists in treating the past solely as a preparation for the present. But the so-called Whig historians were aware of these dangers, and often overcame them. It is curious that the only Whig historian mentioned by name is Lord Acton, a Roman Catholic and therefore unrepresentative. In fact, one is tempted to conclude that, just as feudalism was invented by a nineteenth-century lawyer, the Whig interpretation was invented by Professor Butterfield.

The Sequence of English Mediæval Art. By WALTER OAKESHOTT. *Faber.* 35*s.*

The Headmaster of Winchester follows up his excellent work, *The Artists of the Winchester Bible* with a volume which is lucid, scholarly and comprehensive, and considering the quality and the quantity of the illustrations, not unreasonably expensive. The author never chokes us with facts; he never sacrifices æsthetic considerations to the minutiæ of art history. More important, he always relates changing styles—Northumbrian, Anglo-Saxon, Romanesque, early and late Gothic—to everyday life. Purists may complain that Mr. Oakeshott is guilty of special pleading, since he neglects any consideration of "full-scale painting" in a study that is intended to cover the whole field of art, but he justifies this convincingly in his preface where he points out that "decorated manuscripts make it possible to extend an illustrated survey right back to Anglo-Saxon times." Certainly this treatment has resulted in clarity. Those who cannot find their way about the field of mediæval art, those who see no difference between the wild abandon of Saxon painting and the severity, dignity and power of twelfth-century work, have here an excellent guide. Few periods are more rewarding to study.

The Last Optimist. By J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

In the forty years between 1909—when he encountered, as a student in Paris and London, characters as diverse as Guillaume Apollinaire and Sidney Webb—and 1949, when he all but paid with his life for a clandestine visit to Spain, Señor Del Vayo has seen a great deal of water flowing under the political and cultural bridges; and he has watched the flow, as it were, from a ringside seat, as journalist, ambassador, Minister of the Spanish Republic and then, full circle, as journalist once more. He could, one would have said, have written a great book. If he has not done so in these engaging, but somewhat disjointed, reminiscences it is not because his observation lacked insight, or good causes failed to evoke his generous sympathy; nor even because most of the characters on his crowded stage—from Liebknecht to Joselito the bull fighter, from Ferrer to Largo Caballero—are to-day so unmistakably dead. It is rather because Del Vayo, whose own courage and sincerity are beyond challenge, writes without enough of the savage indignation needed to shape his

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story: he is too apt to extend to cowardice and treachery the civilised tolerance of an all too humane liberal. *Tout pardonner, c'est tout confondre.*

The Writer's Situation. By STORM JAMESON. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

The twelve essays and lectures in this collection were written during and since the last war; most of them are concerned with various aspects of the European crisis, as revealed in literature, international relations and the daily life of individuals. Miss Jameson is always lively and sometimes deep; but she is not consistent enough ever to penetrate to the heart of her problem. In *A Crisis of the Spirit*, she describes the effect of mechanisation on the minds of Europeans, and especially of the Germans; the French, she claims, have not wholly succumbed to the contagion. This is a sound thesis; but in another essay, *Between the Wars*, Germany's aggressiveness is ascribed to characteristics of an entirely different kind. In two stimulating essays on the novel she discusses a dilemma but does not succeed in resolving it. "In short and brutally, to conceive of the novel as *first of all* a work of art, as the writer's dominating presence in his work, leads finally to a rupture with the great tradition of the novel .... The writer becomes too important, the novel etiolated and narrow". These statements are based on the misconception that a pure novel, as she calls it, the novel that is first of all a work of art, is necessarily the one in which the novelist's ego is most in evidence; Flaubert's purity consisted in making himself invisible and Stendhal's in refusing himself the luxury of a "style." Miss Jameson objects that "the so-called pure novelist never could express an age, our age least of all"; but in the other essay, written in the same year, she confesses: "To-day life is too much for the novelist". These essays include studies of Kate Roberts, Maria Kuncewiczowa and W.H. Auden; also *Paris*, in which Miss Jameson's love for France is beautifully recorded.

Towards My Neighbour. By C. R. HEWITT. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.

On the invitation of the governing body of "Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland," Mr. Hewitt undertook the assignment of writing an objective appraisal of the record of the Rotarian movement in this country. Acting as historian rather than apologist, he examines critically Rotary's claim to have discovered a summary solution for all social ills in its conception of "Vocational Service"; but he dissents, at any rate in relation to R.I.B.I., from the caustic comment by H. L. Mencken on the movement in America: "As soon as a group of real-estaters get together and sob for Service, somebody is going to be done." He certainly shows that as philanthropic agencies the Rotary Clubs in this country have earned merit; and that they have tried, in their insistence on "ethical" trading practices, to be more than just bonhomous meetings of businessmen associated on the "scratch my back" principle. The question which he leaves unanswered is whether Rotary has been a social influence of any real significance. Debarred, as a matter of policy, from discussing any matters of public controversy which might involve "the risk of losing good fellowship," Rotary Clubs, with their overwhelmingly Tory membership, are apt inevitably to become a medium for relieving guilt-complexes by the expression of benevolent hot air and platitudinous generalities. Mr. Hewitt records that, in 1944, the Clubs in London published recommendations for reconstruction that "might credibly have issued from Transport House." A revealing observation.

Crusader Castles. By ROBIN FEDDEN. *Art & Technics.* 15s.

The author of this pleasantly written and well produced monograph makes no claim to originality. The extent of his debt, principally to Deschamps, is clear; but Mr. Fedden's book has the merit of lucidity, comprehensiveness and conciseness. He accounts for the building of castles, places them in the history of military architecture and briefly sketches the life of which they were the centre. Finally he describes, with the aid of thirty-three pages of excellent photographs, those representative castles. This first popular book on the subject will whet the appetite of the general reader, but may well fail to satisfy it.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

(Concluded)

Violin, Piano. BACH: Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin, No. 3, C major (Ossy Renardy. AK2378-80). If there is to be a set of the month, this is it, a five-star performance, dazzling in technique, with the finest kind of interpretation. Renardy's tone is full, clear and clean, changing in colour as if he moved from manual to manual; the rhythm is rock-like, phrasing subtle but firm. It is brilliantly recorded. BEETHOVEN: Sonata No. 30, E major, Op. 109 (Backhaus. AX361-2). Whether rightly or not Schnabel has imposed on our age a generally accepted conception of Beethoven sonatas; even the coolest of his admirers must admit his performance of Op. 109 (in the Society volumes) to be an altogether more serious thing than Backhaus's. Much of the latter's playing, particularly in the second and third variations, is clumsy and over-emphatic. The dynamic range is *mf-ff*, with a high disregard for Beethoven's directions. DEBUSSY: *L'Isle Joyeuse* (Friedrich Gulda. M639). After Gulda's K.576, this record is a disappointment. "How difficult it is to play" said Debussy. "This piece seems to include every possible way of treating the piano, combining as it does strength and grace—if I may be presumed to say so." Gieseking (Col) penetrated to the core of its writing; Gulda plays it through rather like a concert encore. It is poorly recorded, deteriorating sharply towards the centre. CHOPIN: Waltz No. 9, A flat major, Op. 69 No. 1 and Waltz No. 11, G flat major, Op. 70 No. 1 (Cortot. DB21094). Cortot's tone remains as beautiful as ever, his interpretation as expressive, but the rhythmic impulse in the slow section of the second waltz is weak, and the first is filled with those little holdings-back which have lost their relevance to the shape of the phrases. LISZT: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, C sharp minor (Gina Bachauer. C4020). A perfectly adequate plum-label performance. Miss Bachauer never gets quite on top of the music to give a great reading à la Petri, and the piano tone sounds stringy. WALTON: Sonata for Violin and Piano, B flat. (Menuhin Kentner. DB9513-5). This is a particularly well-written and beautiful work, endearing in its tender sounds yet taut in form. The artists for whom it was written perform it with brilliance and at the same time affection; and it is clearly and vividly recorded.

Vocal. MOZART: *Così fan tutte*—"Sento, oh Dio!" and "Di scrivermi ogni giorno" (Jurinac, Thebom, Lewis, Kunz, Borriello. DB21117). The excellence of this performance is well enough known, but a disappointing recording has lost the bloom on the voices, and we know that they sounded better at Glyndebourne. WAGNER: *Tristan und Isolde*—Love Duet, Act II (Flagstad, Svanholm, Shacklock Böhm. DB21112-4). The fault must lie mainly with the recorders, but there is not enough passion in this set to rouse more than a flicker of excitement. Svanholm sings with unwonted sweetness, but no fire. The sound is mushed and lacks glow: and the beginning of each side shows signs of re-recording. RAVEL: *Schéhérezade* (Jennie Tourel. LX8738-9). I prefer this set to Suzanne Danco's (Decca). Both singers are impeccably accurate, both have a brilliant impersonal excellence; but the steely timbres of Mme Tourel's voice, its neutral efficiency, seem better matched to Ravel's score. VERDI: *La Traviata*—"Libiamo" and "Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo" (Albanese Peerce. DB-21111). A new recording of the Brindisi was needed, but it still is. Jan Peerce sings without lyrical tenderness, and orchestra and chorus are perfunctory. The rapture of the other duet is made matter-of-fact; Caniglia Gigli preferred. And the whole is over-resonantly recorded. VERDI: *Ernani*—"Infelice, et tuo credevi" and *Nabucco*—"Tu sul labbro" (Siepi. R30024). Arie's recording of "Infelice" (Decca), though not ideal, is more vivid. Siepi's interpretation lacks definition, chiefly because his voice is too "unfocused," too loose, to give point to the phrasing. The *Nabucco* aria is pleasant, and an interesting example of Verdi's early essays in expressive scoring. VERDI: *Uno Ballo in Maschera*—"Re dell abisso affrettati" and ROSSINI: *Semiramide*—"Ah! quel giorno ognor rammento" (Stignani. R30023). We miss, disappointed, the excitement Stignani's discs usually provide—especially in Ulrica's incantation. Barbieri supplies all the Sorceress's part on one coupling of the complete set, with greater atmosphere. PUCCINI: *Tosca*—"Tre sbirri" and GIORDANO: *Andrea Chenier* "Nemico della patria?" (Rothmüller. C4019). Not a particularly interesting record. The *Te Deum* scene is just about all right, the Giordano insufficiently Italianate. VERDI: *Luisa Miller*—"Quando le sere" and MASSENET: *Werther*—"Ah! non mi ridestar!" (Prandelli. LX1320). Prandelli's first record in this country must challenge comparison with both Gigli and Tagliavini. Although his performance of the Massenet is most musicianly, it is also unpoetical. The score calls for strong emotion, which the other two provide. Even in the Verdi Prandelli seems too restrained. Recording serviceable, but it deteriorates a little towards the centre. GOUNOD: *Faust*—"Dio Possente" and THOMAS: *Hamlet*—"O Vin, discaccia la tristezza" (Valdengo. X364). Valdengo moves heavily, clumsily and loudly through Valentine's aria (without its introduction). A lumbering baritone Hamlet, he sings this rousing *Chanson bachique* to the players, bidding them be merry. A silly piece of work. STRAUSS: *Serenata* and BRAHMS: *Solitudine nei campi* (Elmo. R30025). Don't scorn these Italianized versions of *Ständchen* and *Feldeinsamkeit* too hastily, for there is a great deal of charm in Cloe Elmo's performance. Though you frown at the wrongness, you should be won by the artistry.

ANDREW PORTER

CORRECTIONS

We regret that in our Books Number of last week, we listed the price of *Margot Fonteyn*, published by Phœnix House, as 63s. This applies only to the de luxe limited edition; the general edition is 12s. 6d.

We credited *The Watercolour Drawings of Thomas Rowlandson* to its American publisher. It is published by Batsford in England at 30s.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,083

Set by R. K. Buchanan

It has been announced from the Festival Office that a corner of the Pavilion demonstrating our national character and genius will be devoted to "British eccentricity and wit" (including inventions). The usual prizes are offered for suitable mottoes, in verse (limit 8 lines), for this section of the Festival. Entries by December 5th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,080

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for an extract of 150 words from the diary of a mass observer posted at one of the following: The Motor Show, The Conservative Party Conference, Sadler's Wells, a war veteran's re-union.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

It takes two parties to make a mass observation report and it isn't only the observed whose behaviour is revealed. Mass observing, especially in the first fine flight of its enthusiasm, provided numberless opportunities for the humourless to be over solemn about the scientific method. The highest success in this competition seemed to me to depend, then, on scoring a double, on catching something of the fatuity of the observer as well as of the observed. The Conservative Conference proved a barren field and the War Veteran's Reunion invited a rather too easy humour. C. B. H. Felton came nearest in this category. Other runners up were Edward Blishen, Molly Tarrant, Ed. H. A. C. Evans and P. Vince was judged a clear winner: two guineas. To the other five printed, sixteen shillings.

THE MOTOR SHOW

The exhibition is full of *motor cars*. People come in at the entrance, and counts here—from behind a screen—showed that of 29 people, 60 per cent. wore hats, 35 per cent. none. One man, a 57-year-old

lighthouse keeper, carried an umbrella. A 33-year-old stockbroker, wearing a black suit with pale grey stripes, said at the box-office:

"Thank you."

Inside the hall, people were looking at *motor cars*. These were what people seemed most interested in. A 42-year-old lorry driver suggested replacing windscreen wipers with television screens (to avoid monotony at the steering wheel), and by stand No. 42 a gravedigger's assistant was overheard saying:

"Come on."

Twenty-one people, a carefully stratified sample, were asked why they had come. Apart from 15 who did not know, 35 per cent. said they were interested in cars, 40 per cent. came to see the exhibits, and 24 per cent. out of interest in *motor cars*.

P. VINCE

11.30, M.30.B enters at main door, looks left, right, left, goes to gent's lavatory. 11.32, emerges smiling, straightens tie, looks at watch, walks over to Morris 10, hunches shoulders, smooths hair, straightens tie, moves towards salesman:

M.30.B: "Bar open?"

11.40. M.30.B. enters bar, orders light ale (query—feminine order?) lights cigarette (cork-tipped. Query—feminine preference?) puffs three times, ash over left shoulder, puffs three times, ash over right shoulder, grinds stub under heel, mutters, scowls. Moves glass in circle, clockwise, in circle, anti-clockwise. Opens paper (*Mail*), reads, in order, sports, adverts., cartoon, feature. 11.55 Finishes first glass, orders second. Moves glass clockwise, drinks, anti-clockwise, drinks. Lights cigarette, 3 puffs, ash over right, puffs, ash over left shoulder. Finishes paper (*Mail*), finishes drink. Looks left, right, left . . .

M. E. TARRANT

Questioned about the Motor Show, 20 per cent. said it was "a good thing," 40 per cent. that "it depends," 20 per cent. "I don't know." The remainder gave misc. replies. For instance:

F.50.B. "Its food that counts."

M.80.D. "I remember Gladstone."

All comments were spontaneous.

Further breakdowns show that three-quarters of those saying it was a good thing had no car and filled in Pools weekly, the other quarter had no car and did Pools fortnightly. The "it depends" category particularised *type* of car and the remainder looked at caravans.

More young than old, men than women, skilled than unskilled workers attended the show. Average walking speed was four one foot paces per second, talking speed, 50 words per minute, drinking speed, ½ glass per minute. Overheads revealed 1 per cent. talking about cars, 98 per cent. talking about food, 1 per cent. talking about misc. Typical B. comment was: "Good Show!" Typical C.D. comment: "Yes."

A. F. BROWN

SADLER'S WELLS

Ten women *my row*. 3 tapping programmes, 2 nodding, 2 tapping feet (1 out of time, chilblains?), 1 all at once, smiling idiotically. Aethereal? Interval. Heard 3 say ballet French way. Glazed look on friends' faces. Heard 5 tell friends should have seen Pavlova. 2 friends sorry because too young to have, 2 pleased because too young, 1 not listening, looking aethereal, good-looking man in next row. Woman by me talking about Susan's points. Susan apparently 5—prodigy—Madame says so. Asks how much dancers paid. Asks are male dancers all right. Friend doubtful. In next part 88 per cent. visibly wondering about dancers' private lives, 2 per cent. audibly, 10 per cent. relax because know. Observer in gallery reports no tapping, no silly looks, ballet pronounced ballet, queer smell.

MARGARET USBORNE

The unreserved seats queue: 55 per cent. thought "ballet was very pretty"; 5 per cent. were reluctant mothers taking 7½ per cent. balletomane daughters; 20 per cent. gave cultural reasons (e.g., "It bores me stiff really, but none of my friends has seen it," "Our family is artistic"); 5 per cent. were waiting for a bus; 2½ per cent. mainly referred to "legs"; 5 per cent. didn't know why they were queueing.

Seat prices hardly affected per cent. opinions, though 2½ per cent. ("legs") preferred orchestra stalls and 26 per cent. (culture) seats near exits.

Applause: From 2½ per cent. subdued whistling to 80 per cent. general clapping.

Criticism: 21 per cent. "thought the dancing lovely"; 14 per cent. agreed but "couldn't follow the story"; 9½ per cent. said the scenery "didn't look real enough"; 8 per cent. liked the "funny man," 7½ per cent. the conductor, 5 per cent. the bar; 6 per cent. quoted and 9 per cent. misquoted the NEW STATESMAN critique; 5 per cent. used *Ballet*, 3 per cent. *Illustrated*, 2 per cent. *Women's Own*; 2½ per cent. said too much leg, 1 per cent. just right, 1½ per cent. not enough; 10 per cent. didn't know.

TERENCE KELLY

WAR VETERANS

. . . if it'll work your ticket, he said, O.K. then. Of course we wouldn't be without her now.

. . . Yes, but some are maftier than others, aren't they, darling?

. . . and so if he doesn't say something soon, I'll simply join up again. Same old problem, marriage versus Korea . . .

. . . just my luck. I've been waiting for years to meet the sergeant in civvy street, and now they tell me she's on the housing committee.

. . . I know the stuff, 3·6 a pinel. I made some pyjamas with it, but Joe said, "What's the idea? Am I supposed to count ten before I pull the cord?"

. . . I said, "If it comes, darling, *promise* you'll join the Communist Party. Then at *least* I'll know you're safe, and they'll let you out when it's over. If anyone asks, I'll say you're working on atoms."

E. M.

CHESS: Other People's Blunders

No. 60

I have often wondered whether it is more galling to have to reproach oneself for some absurdly primitive oversight or for the failure to detect some subtle resource deeply hidden in a position. As for those of us who have frequent occasion for bemoaning both our more obvious as well as our more subtle blunders, we like to be reminded that our betters are not infallible either. We wouldn't gloat over their failures, but they help us to restore our shattered self-esteem.

Glancing through some old Continental magazines I came across much interesting comment on our own C. H. O'D. Alexander's celebrated game against Keres at Hastings, 1937. I looked up the contemporary British Press, but as I could find no mention of that particular discovery, I suppose it must be news to most of our readers, possibly even to Alexander himself, who is the hero as well as the villain (and also the victim) of the story. The critical position occurred as Alexander (White)

was about to make his 29 move. He played R-R2, and the *Deutsche Schachblätter* commented that the more aggressive move R-KR1 wasn't good enough and that, indeed, "the Black Queen could have devoured the White Rook without fear of indigestion for herself or her Sovereign." But a month or two later came reader Bernhard Drab, giving the lie to his name by a far from drab demonstration that Keres' Queen would have found Alexander's Rook quite indigestible.

(29) R-R1!!	Q x R?	(31) QxKt ch	K-B1
(30) Q-R4	B-Kt2	(32) Kt-B4	Q-R7

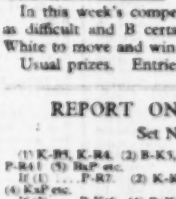
That far the *Schachblätter* had analysed the position, dismissing it with the tart remark ". . . and White would have been at his wit's end." Reader Drab wasn't:

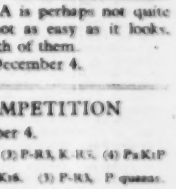
(33) B-R6!	QxB ch	(35) QxB ch	K-K1
(34) K-Kt3	BxB	(36) Q-Kt5!	

Black is hopelessly lost: should he try BxKtP he *is* knocked out by (37) R-R7! In point of fact, of course, the game ended in a draw (and Alexander's famous opponent had to strain all his ingenuity to get away with it); yet, had Alexander won that game, he would have shared 1st and 2nd with Reshevski rather than 2nd and 3rd with Keres, who would have dropped to a share of 3rd, 4th and 5th with Flohr and Fine. What a "might-have-been" for Alexander, even over a 13 years' stretch of healer Time!

Even study composers, unharassed by the match-player's clock, are not infallible. Here G. Bernhardt had concocted a most ingenious draw by (1) Kt-Q1, P-B7; (2) KtxP, P queens; (3) Kt-Q3, Q-K6; (4) B-Kt2, Q-K7 (if he takes the Kt; (5) B-B1!) (5) Kt-B5, KxP; (6) Kt-K4! Yet, White could win by (1) B-Q7 ch, KxP; (2) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Kt6; (3) KtxP, followed by (4) B-B5. If (1) . . . K-R3; (2) B-B5!, PxKt; (3) B-Q3 ch!, thereby forcing the Black K to make a detour via Kt3 before reaching his pawns. Hence, White wins easily by (4) K-Kt3, followed by P-B4, etc.

A: Henri Rinck B: H. Nikolussi





In this week's competition A is perhaps not quite as difficult and B certainly not as easy as it looks. White to move and win in both of them.

Usual prizes. Entries by December 4.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 4.

(1) K-B5, K-R4. (2) B-K5, P-B6! (3) P-R3, K-R5. (4) PxKtP P-R4! (5) BxP etc.
If (1) . . . P-R7. (2) K-K6, P-Kt6. (3) P-R3, P queens. (4) KxP etc.
If (3) . . . P-K6. (4) BxKtP, PxP. (5) B-B2 etc.
If (3) . . . PxBP. (4) P-Kt4 ch, K-R5. (5) B-R2! P-R4. (6) P-Kt5, any (7) K-B4 etc.

These are some of the main variations only; the one last-mentioned was seen by relatively few competitors. Though well aware of the key-move and one or two of the more obvious variations, many competitors underrated the considerable complexity of this study. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, K. Beaumont, B. W. Clapp, B. Junks.

The "ladder competition" will be started on December 16, one week before the Christmas issue which will give competitors an opportunity of garnering more points than the average maximum. So as not to discourage casual competitors the usual weekly prizes will be continued. The "ladder"—to go on indefinitely until we can think of something better—is to provide chessbook tokens every ten weeks: £1, 15/-, 10/-, 5/- for the four top-scorers who will then be relegated to start climbing from scratch. Thus, consistency will be duly rewarded, and if we go on to the mid-fifties (of *this* century), almost every regular competitor should be sure of at least one prize.

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APPOINTMENTS—VACANT

ROYAL Air Force, Education Branch. Short Service Commissions. Duration 3, 4 or 5 years. Applications invited from candidates who are university graduates or qualified teachers. Physics, mathematics and engineering are the main subjects required. Pay on appointment depends on qualifications, experience and war service. Thus, a man aged 25 may receive pay up to £529 a year and, if married, marriage allowance of £337. Single officers receive free furnished accommodation. All officers draw rations in kind or a tax-free allowance of £60 a year. A gratuity is payable on completion of service. Opportunities will arise for officers with suitable degrees to be appointed to permanent commissions. Permanent Commissions. A few Permanent Commissions may be offered to men aged 23-33. Candidates should ordinarily be first or second class honours graduates in physics, mathematics or engineering (mechanical, electrical, aeronautical, electronic or radio). Pay and allowances as for short service commissions. There is time promotion to Squadron Leader, in which rank pay and allowances can rise to £1,232 a year (plus rations or ration allowance). Promotion beyond Squadron Leader is by selection. Retired pay varies with rank (e.g., £475 a year for Squadron Leader, £625 for Wing Commander, £825 for Group Captain, etc.). Women's Royal Air Force. Vacancies exist for Education Officers on Permanent and Short Service Commissions. Qualifications and conditions as for men except that pay rates are about three-quarters and retired pay rates about two-thirds of those for men. Free furnished accommodation and rations are provided. Full details and application forms for all the above appointments from Air Ministry, A.R.1, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering or in mathematics with first or second class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary Scales for men in London Senior Scientific Officers, £700x25-£900; Scientific Officers £400x25-£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 2887.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Senior Experimental Officer and Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview. Candidates for the Senior Experimental Officer grade must have been born on or before August 1, 1915, and for the Experimental Officer grade on or before August 1, 1927, but for the latter grade candidates having special qualifications or experience may be admitted if born between August 2, 1922 and August 1, 1924. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification. Inclusive London salary scales (men): Senior Experimental Officer £715-£945; Experimental Officer £535-£675. Rates for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Starting salary will be determined on an assessment of the successful candidates' qualifications and experience. Further particulars and forms of application from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 3351. Completed application forms must be returned by January 31, 1951.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Talks Producer, Overseas Talks, Overseas English Services. Duties include the selection of speakers, revision of scripts and production at the microphone, and possibly the production of programmes in the "Talks Documentary" field. Qualifications required are an informed interest in Commonwealth affairs and in sporting events. Some journalistic and/or production experience would be an advantage. Starting salary £745 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Talks Overseas N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applications are invited for the post of Caterer in charge of the College Refectory. Initial salary £400 a year, plus board-residence and membership of College Pension Scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent as soon as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications during the remainder of the year for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer, to be filled by competitive interview. The posts are in various Government departments and divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Engineering Subjects; and (d) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Library and Technical Information Services). No further applications can be accepted from Biologists or Geologists. Applications from candidates offering qualifications in Meteorology can again be accepted. The notice already published closing the competition in this group is hereby cancelled. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £230-£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 3068.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Talks Producer, North American Service, Overseas English Services. Duties include the formulation of ideas for, and production of, talks and talks features. Essential qualifications are a sound academic background, a good general knowledge, a particular knowledge of contemporary economic and political developments, appreciation of style of the spoken and written word, imagination, tact and a sympathetic interest in men and women of all kinds. A background knowledge of the United States and some experience of broadcasting would be desirable. Starting salary £745 or £565 (in each case may be higher according to qualifications), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 or £725 per annum maximum respectively. The lower grade will be considered appropriate for candidates without all the required qualifications, but there will be prospects of promotion to the higher. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Talks N.A.S. N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Religious Broadcasting Assistant, Wales, based at Cardiff. Applicants will be required to assist in planning, organisation and production of services, talks and other religious programmes, originating in any part of Wales. Duties will also include planning Welsh appeals in the Week's Good Cause. Applicants should be in Holy Orders or ordained ministers of one of the Free Churches. Experience outside the regular pastoral ministry and in inter-denominational work will be useful. Good academic qualifications, a knowledge of Welsh is essential. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum, maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, B.B.C., London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "R.B.A. Wales N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SURREY Council of Social Service. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Secretary to the Surrey Council of Social Service with its office in Guildford. Salary £450 to £550 per annum according to qualifications and experience, plus travelling expenses. Contributory superannuation scheme. Applicants must have an intimate knowledge of rural life, administrative ability, experience in public or voluntary social work, and its willing to undertake evening duties in villages. Must be able to drive car. Applications, accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials and the names of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Acting Secretary, 26 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1, by December 11, 1950.

THOMAS Coram School, Berkhamsted. Deputy Woman Warden required, Jan. 1, 1951, or earlier, to assist Headmaster. Warden in the care of 70 girls ages 11 to 16, and control of out of school staff in this co-ed. Day and Boarding School of 150 to 200 boarders. Boarding School experience essential. No teaching, catering, housekeeping or nursing duties. Salary £500 p.a. plus board and own well-furnished flat during term time. Superannuation scheme. Apply within 14 days stating qualifications, experience and age, together with copies of references to Secretary of the Foundling Hospital, 40, Brunswick Sq., London, W.C.1.

REQUIRED, Social Worker as Organising Secretary for Old People's Welfare Association, S.E. London. Experience with old people preferable. Apply, stating experience and salary required, to Chairman, Old People's Welfare Assn., 38 Lyndhurst Way, S.E.15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

POST as Assistants abroad. Applications are invited for posts as Assistants in French, Swiss, Austrian and German schools. Posts will be tenable for the whole of the school year, 1951-52. Assistants will be expected to take small groups for English conversation for twelve hours a week. They will receive a maintenance allowance to cover reasonable living and personal expenses. Applications are normally restricted to graduates and undergraduates in their second year, preference being given to those who have special qualifications in French and German. The upper age limit is thirty years. Applications should be made as soon as possible and none can be considered after December 15, 1950. Particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, External Relations Branch, Min. of Education, Curzon St., London, W.1.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from either suitably qualified married couples or from separate candidates for the positions of Superintendent and Matron at Hornchurch Children's Home, Romford, Essex, which accommodates approx. 350 children who are in the care of the Council. Applicants should have had wide experience of residential child care, including the theory and application of good modern standards in this field. Salary scales: Superintendent, £420-£30-£660; Matron, £300-£20-£400; with full residential emoluments in each case. Commencing salaries will depend upon qualifications and experience. Send stamped addressed foolscap envelope for application forms and further details to the Children's Officer (CH/A.2/94), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (1420.)

ESSEX County Council. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 p.a., less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

DEVON County Council Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Boys' Visitor, in connection with the supervision and after-care of boys in the care of the County Council, at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. I (£415-£435). A Social Science Certificate or other equivalent qualification, together with experience of home visiting and other practical work with boys, will be an advantage. The successful candidate will be expected to provide a car. Application forms, giving full details of the appointment, are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Bradninch Hall, Castle St., Exeter, and should be returned within two weeks of this advertisement. H. A. Davis, Clerk of the Council, The Castle, Exeter.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council, Children's Department. Reception and Observation Centre. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Warden and Matron of the Woodlands Reception and Observation Centre, Bulwell, Nottingham. The Warden must be well qualified to undertake the observation of the children and should preferably have Mental Health and or Social Science or teaching qualifications and experience of social work with young people. Salary, £900 × £15 per annum to £955 and emoluments in accordance with the Reynolds Report. The Matron should preferably have a nursing qualification and experience with young children. Salary, £200 × £15 to £290 and emoluments in accordance with the Rusbcliffe Scale. Commencing salaries according to experience. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Mesby, Clerk of the County Council.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Shenley Fields Cottage Homes. Appointment of Assistant Matron. The successful applicant for the above resident post will be expected to assist with the general administration of the Homes, and with the supervision of the twelve Housemothers, to arrange recreational activities for approximately 200 children and maintain social relationships appertaining thereto, and to assume full responsibility in the absence of the Superintendent and Matron. No nursing duties are entailed. Candidates should have had experience of residential work with children, and the possession of a recognised qualification in child care would be an additional advantage. Salary scale: £220 × £15 to £280 per annum, with emoluments valued at £140. The appointment is subject to passing a medical examination and to the conditions of the Local Government (Superannuation) Act. Accommodation is available for the husband of a successful married applicant, but it is regretted that there is insufficient accommodation for a child. Application forms can be obtained from the undersigned at 102 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3. (Quote advt. No. 12114.) Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

PSYCHOLOGIST (female) required for Personnel Department of engineering organisation at London Headquarters. A degree including Psychology and Statistics is essential and some industrial experience desirable. Age 24-34. Write details training, experience and salary expected to Box 9541.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RUNWELL Hospital, Near Wickford, Essex. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker to the above Hospital (Establishment four P.S.W.s.). Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) with car or travelling allowance. There is also a hospital car for the use of the department. Candidates must possess the Mental Health Certificate. There is a full-time secretary for the department, and good office accommodation. Applications, with copies of recent testimonials, to be sent to Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

BRIGHTON and Lewes Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker for the Geriatric Unit of this Group. This is a newly created post, having relationship to the Geriatric Unit now being developed on modern lines. Applicants should possess the Certificate of the Institute of Almoners. Salary £380 - £12 10s. to £455 per annum, commencing salary according to experience. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with copies of two recent testimonials and the names of two referees, should be sent to Dr. S. J. Firth, Physician Superintendent, Brighton General Hospital, Elm Grove, Brighton, 7, within ten days of the appearance of this advertisement.

MANTON Association, Ltd. (by guarantee), formed for providing remedial employment for T.B. convalescents, requires a Manager for a factory in Caernarvon. Applicant must have experience of engineering and administration, and must show keenness and initiative in making this voluntary public service a success. Applications to the Secretary, 15 Palace St., Caernarvon, with full details of qualifications and experience, salary required and names of three references.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Youth Leader (woman). Applications are invited for the post of Youth Leader at the High Wycombe Youth Recreation Club. Salary Scale: Qualified £270x£12 to £444. Unqualified £270x£12 to £354. Application forms, to be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this notice, are obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

GIRL'S Club Leader required for January 1, 1951. Salary £200 plus residence. Apply, stating experience with two testimonials and one ref., to The Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

CASEWORKER reqd. for pioneer social work. Resid. post. Apply Stepney Patient Service Unit, 6/355 The Highway, E.1.

FEDERAL Union requires, to expand its work, full-time Provincial Organiser (male). Also Organiser for a writers' panel (part- or full-time). Apply in writing: Federal Union, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

CITY Export firm dealing in Textile Raw Materials wants to engage young man not over 25, who will have good prospects after the training period. Only applicants with good education, knowledge of languages can be considered. Box 9509.

MONKTON Weld School, Charmouth, Dorset (co-educational), requires in Jan. (a) Science Master; Burnham Scale, Govt. superannuation. (b) Matron housemother; salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply to the Principal.

RECOGNISED Co-educational Day School requires January (Preparatory ages) Qualified Master English subjects aiming at real cultural standards and efficiency. Box 9459.

SMALL Co-educational Boarding School, beautiful surroundings, requires qualified Master in English subjects. Housemaster's duties aiming at efficient discipline and cultural standards. Box 9460.

WOMAN writer needs competent shorthand-typist for some weeks, mornings only 9.30-12.30, Mon.-Fri. EUS 3466, ext. 22.

EFFICIENT German-English shorthand-typist (female) required for West End office. Accurate figurework and good German shorthand essential. Good salary. Box 9511.

SECRETARY required for interesting work, high speeds and administrative ability essential. Box 9783.

WANTED: 1st Cook for Guest House in Derbyshire Peak District. Up to 60 guests and staff. Suit one fond of country and interested in social life with guests. Permanency for suitable applicant. Box 9795.

GARDENER-handyman and Assistant Matron needed in small Boarding School for boys and girls in beautiful house and grounds, Leicestershire. Box 9463.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN graduate, B.A. Maths.; experience during war in valve test supervision (A.I.D. approved); post-war, mathematical work in electronics and communications engineering; seeks post with wider interests, e.g. personnel dept., T.U. organisation or experience leading to administrative post. Preferably in or near London. Box 9810.

DOMESTICATED, educated young girl will cook and help generally, except with young children, in exchange for pittance and driving lessons. Phone: Penn (Bucks) 3159.

GENT, B.Sc. (Econ.) "retired," seeks work (teaching or what-not), preferably London. Box 9207.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applications are invited for a Senior Research Fellowship in English Agrarian History. The Fellowship will be of the value of £700 a year, with membership of the F.S.S.U., and will be for two years in the first place, with possibility of extension. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be forwarded as soon as possible.

SOUTH Oaks, a 229-bed Psychiatric Hospital environs New York City, has vacancy two Fellowships in Psychiatry, $3,000 each with full maintenance. Apply M. S. Titley, M.D., Sunrise Highway, Amityville, New York.

PERSONAL

HOME offered, an delightful country cottage, Kent, all amenities, easily accessible, by lady, retired, to lady in similar circumstances, in return light domestic help, chiefly simple cookery. Alternatively companion help, between 50 and 60. Box 9374.

CÔTE d'Azur. To let in picturesque mountain village, well furn. 4-room house, with magnificent sea-view. Mod. Cond. Box 9375.

DOCTOR, aged forty-five, with first-class testimonials comprising work during war and peace, would like suggestions for immediate work of an original and interesting nature. Box 9208.

NEW Zealander, 29, B.A., exper. farming, seamanship, seeks any work and/or secon., London area. Wife & infant. Box 9372.

COMPANION-HELP wanted for lady with rather senile husband (not invalid). Pleasant house, Herts., £2 weekly. Good free time and holidays, but must be prepared take responsibility occasionally. Box 9223.

INTERESTING part-time secretarial work or. Steyning or translations or manuscripts to type at home sought by educated "undomesticated housewife." Box 9380.

CAN someone offer provincial Physiotherapist occasional use of room as surgery? Central London or near tube. BM/LPL, W.C.1.

DO you need a baby-sitter? N.W. or Holborn district pref. Box 9364.

LONDON Ext. Ph.D. stud. early 17th-cent. econ. hist. seeks adviser. Box 9137.

PRINT consultant, London, undertaking the layout, presentation, typography, editing and printing of publicity literature, invites inquiries from Industrial Authorities, Societies, or Business Organisations. Box 8541.

DO you want to be an M.P.? Hampstead Parliament in near crumbling members for 53rd session. All parties and independents. You are equally welcome whether or not you wish to take part in debates. Mngs. Town Hall, Weds., 8.15. Sec., 29 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

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REMEMBER "Hints on Etiquette"—always the most amusing Xmas gift book; with Brian Robb's charming colour plates. 3s. 6d. net. Turnstile Press.

FOREST School is running Children's House Party for boys and girls 6-14. Experienced staff. Dec. 20-27 and Dec. 27 to Jan. 4. Enquiries: A. H. Ivins, Whitwell Hall, Reepham, Norfolk.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane St., S.W.1, invites you to view new exclusive Danish wallpaper designs. Also hornware, basketry, pottery, fabrics, woodware and occasional furniture.

MATHS. Personal tuition wherever you are. Postal courses. Bacon, 136 Coombe Rd., Salisbury.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian lady. Telephone PAD. 9610.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 9864.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher, Oral and post. Ness, 1 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginners. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLAxman 6310.

F. KRAMER gives lessons in Portrait Painting. Flat C, 93 Greencroft Gdns., N.W.6.

EXHIBITING Artist has vacancies few pupils. Beginners welcome. Moderate fees. Elise Miers, Maida Vale 2413.

STAMMERING thoroughly cured. Send for "The Truth about Stammering" to E. E. Barker, 41 Ebley Rd., Handsworth Wood, Birmingham 20, who cured himself.

PERSONAL—continued

MALE cook available for small parties. Highest refs. Dinner for 6 from 1 gn. per head inclusive of cost of food. Waiters provided if req'd. Please write Box 9302.

HOME offered winter mths. in Elizabethan Essex country house. Suit writer, artist, retired professional. Garage, River. Box 9324.

PIANO and musical theory lessons. Wilfred Bardwell, pupil of Solomon and Nadia Boulanger. 1 Belsize Grove, N.W.3. PRI. 5706.

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FOR tired people there is a treatment of proved value in conditions of nervous tension and physical debility. Nerve manipulation is a reinvigorating therapy, relaxing, stimulating and invigorating. M. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

OFFICE accommodation for consultations, sharing offices and essential services, reasonable charges. Wine Research Co-ordination Committee, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

STUDIO Theatre to be let. Lectures, rehearsals, performances. Box 8943.

WINTER Sports in Switzerland, Jan. 14-27, party escorted. £33 10s., incl. 2 cl. from London, hotel, skis, lessons. Box 9329.

LECTURE Halls: Socials, dancing. Camden Rd., 2,500ft., £800 ann. 5,000ft., £900. Club rooms, £100 ann. For sale/to let. Kents, 3 Clifton Gdns., N.W.11. MEA. 2613.

CHILDREN at school? A Vocabulet boy or girl is outstanding in the French class. Vocabulet cards 6s. 6d. Phoenician Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter., Economics, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0310. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436

HALL with stage for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI 3678. Plays, mtgs., socials, dances.

THOROUGHLY recommended. 1950 proprietary 4-berth caravan, sprung mattresses, fully insulated, divides two compartments, end cooking, gas lighting, heating, fluxplugged. Seriously reduced, £285. Box 8663.

PRIVATE winter sports party going to Austria at Christmas. Moderate, inclusive terms. Box 9353.

FRENCH Riviera 10 days' holiday for £22 10s. from London includes coach travel Grenoble to Nice across the Alps and Nice to Marseilles along Mediterranean coast, 7 days' full board in Nice and all meals en route. Write, call/phone, now for details: Consorts, Ltd. 72 Newman St. W.1. MUS. 8499 & 6463.

WINTER Sports Christmas Holiday in Switzerland for adults, students, and teen-age children. Prices, including escort, hotel & ski-instruction, etc., from £24 10s. C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

WEEK-end country house parties. London dances. Write now for Christmas programme: Josephine Hall, 524/3 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831 or CHA. 5831.

BOOK now for a Christmas or Winter holiday at Y.W.C.A., Ambleside. Gd. fare, Happy companionship. Apply, The Warden.

ALPS for Winter Sports Holidays. All inclusive 14-day tour London back to London from 25gns. Write for illustrated brochure to R. H. Algeo Tourist Agency, 40 Dean St., W.1. GERrard 5884/5.

FOLLOW the swallows to North Africa or the Balearic Islands. Ski in Austria, Switzerland or France. We will send you anywhere you want to go at reasonable cost. Write for pictures and information to Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. F, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel.: ABBey 2214/5.

WHAT shall I do for Christmas? Come to Paris with my small friendly party and enjoy yourself. Cost from London only £19 15s. incl. tours and theatre. John Lanning, Always, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tra. 2781.

FOR the first time this winter we can arrange individual winter sports, rambling and other holidays at unusual places abroad. And our parties continue better than before. Write for programme to Ramblers Association Services, 48 (V), Park Rd., N.W.1.

CHRISTMAS on Skis in Tyrol. All ages welcome. Private party Dec. 23-Jan. 2, £21; Dec. 23-Jan. 7, £25. Dr. Boer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

CHRISTMAS and New Year: Have a real break and enjoy a gay winter sports or English house party holiday, together with other professional and university people. Informal, carefree atmosphere, good food and pleasant company. Full details of these and other arrangements from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 6911.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Facilities for pottery, wood and soft stone carving, weaving, etc. Fixed courses in Special Crafts week-end to one month, and in General Crafts 13 weeks to one year, will begin early 1951.

DAM that draught with Atomic Strip. Details: Atomic Services (77), 13 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

PERSONAL—continued

ESCAPE to Sunshine! Write for your copy of Cook's "Winter Sunshine," a free 140-page booklet, packed with ideas for wonderful holidays in sunny lands. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. OT/Sc/FS, Berkeley St., London, W.1, or branches.

"THIS England." No collected edition this year, but 1946-9 selection (Round, Searle) makes admirable Xmas card (2s.).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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EMBASSY Theatre, Swiss Cottage. For one night only, a preliminary performance of a new play, "Hands Around The Wall," by Dunnie Abse. Mon., Nov. 27 at 8 p.m.

DEUTSCHLAND wie es keiner kennt. (Humour, satire, irony.) 3 performances of the German Students' Theatre "Die Amnestierten," on Tu., We., Th., 28, 29, 30 November, 7.30 p.m. at Institute of Education Theatre, Malet St., W.C.1. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. res., 2s. 6d. unres., from Ingpen & Williams, Ltd., 13 Thayer St., W.1., and Admin. Anglo-German Inst., 48 Belsize Grove, N.W.3 (PRI. 6083), and 7 p.m. days of perf. at entrance.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Dec. 3: Marx Bros. in "Monkey Business" (U). Chaplin in "The Cure" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 4244. Nov. 26, 7.30: "Hans Le Marin" (A) (French).

LONDON Film Club. Next programmes: Royal Empire Society Theatre, Dec. 2: "Douce" (Autant-Lara). "Drole de Drame" (Carné: with Jouvet, Michel Simon, Francoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault). Dec. 20: "The Road to Life" (Nicolai Ekk). Members only. Parties: Sec., 20/21 Took's Court, Cursitor St., E.C.4. CHA. 3709.

OPERA Circle, 1st meeting Dec. 3, American Women's Club, W.1. "Beatrice Cenci," by Goldschmidt, commissioned by Arts Council. Parties this & next of season from Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts at 8. 28th: Nap de Klijn (violin), Alice Heksch (piano). Brahms 3 Sonatas. Adm. 5s., 3s. 30th: Richard Wood (baritone), Paul Hamburger (piano). Brahms and Wolf lieder. Adm. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Dec. 1st, 8.15: Peter Pears (tenor), Alma Musica (Holland Festival Society Concert. President: Countess of Harewood). Works by Bach, Arne, etc. Adm. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. Tickets at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chovzaux.

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LONDON Mozart Players. Conductor: Harry Blech. (Presented by Haydn-Mozart Society.) Chelsea Town Hall, Nov. 28 and 29, at 7.30. Mozart programme (same both nights). Soloists: Rosina Ghiscola (Soprano), Gareth Morris (Flute). Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1.

BBC. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Nov. 29, at 8. Symphony No. 102 (Haydn); Piano Concerto in C minor (K.491) (Mozart); Symphony No. 1 (Elgar). Soloist: Clifford Curzon. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., Gallery (standing) 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212), and usual Agents.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Nov. 26, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Æolian String Quartet. Colin Horsley. Haydn D, Op. 76; Beethoven B flat, Op. 130 String Quartets. Bloch Piano Quintets. 1s.

STUTTGART Chamber Orchestra. Conductor, Karl Munchinger. Sun., Nov. 26, at 7.30. Royal Opera House. Mozart Programme. Soloist, Bruce Barbour. 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Mon., Nov. 27, at 7. Central Hall, Westminster. Bach Programme. "The Art of the Fugue." 3s. to 10s. 6d. Tickets at Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 7600 and all ticket agents.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League. Dance-Social at Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1, on Sat., Nov. 25, from 8-11 p.m. Ted Mac's Band. Adm., with membership card 2s. 6d. Friends 3s. 6d. Refr. included. Licensed bar for members.

DANCE with the World at Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Saturday 25th, at 8 p.m. Admission 2s. Buffet.

I.F.L. Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Sat., Nov. 25, 7.30 p.m. Tickets at door 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Exhibition of "Pointillists and their Period." 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Dec. 9.

PICASSO in Provence. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St. Open till Dec. 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square. Christmas Exhibition: Textiles, Pottery, Sculpture, Paintings. Daily 11-6 Sats. inclusive.

ASIAN Institute, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings and designs for Murals, by Cumi Dallas. Until Dec. 9.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

CLAUDE Monet Exhibition at Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 24 Litchfield St., Cambridge Circus, W.C.2. Egyptian, Greek & Indian Sculpture, Early Persian Pottery & Italian Paintings. 10-6 Sats. 10-1.

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EXHIBITION of Children's Drawings from Poland, at 81 Portland Place, London, W.1. Open daily from Nov. 25 to Dec. 8, Saturdays inclusive. Entrance free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Stoneware Pottery by Michael Cardew.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Third Series—Courbet, Degas, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE India Relief Committee will hold a Bazaar in aid of the Assam Earthquake Relief Fund, on Friday, December 1, at Kingsway Hall (Lecture), Kingsway, W.C.2, at 3 p.m. The Bazaar will be opened by The Countess Mountbatten of Burma. The proceeds will go to the Prime Minister's Assam Relief Fund in India.

"KOREA, China and World Peace." An Urgent Meeting, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2. Mon., Nov. 27, 7 p.m. Tom Driberg, M.P., Kingsley Martin, Tom Hopkinson, Francis Williams. Adm. free. Nat. Peace Council.

VISCOUNT Samuel will preside at a meeting at 50 Porchester Terrace, W.2, on Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.30 p.m. Dr. Stott, author of "Delinquency and Human Nature," will speak. Admission by invitation only. Obtainable from Family Service Units, 159 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Nov. 29, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Britain and Africa." George Padmore, author of "Africa, Britain's Third Empire."

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance. Dr. Philip Bloom on "Marriage Guidance." Wednesday, Nov. 29, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Admission free.

WOOL Education Society. A lecture will be given at 7 p.m. on Thursday, December 7, 1950, in the Lecture Hall of the Royal Society of Arts, John Adam St., Adelphi, London, W.C.2, by Mrs. Alison Settle on "Wool as a Fashion Fabric." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18, 20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

MOTIVES and Aims of a Humanist Ethic. (4) The Education of a Humanist. Virginia Flemming and H. J. Blackham, at the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Bayswater, Sunday, Nov. 26, at 6.30.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. December 2 at 6 p.m. Mlle. Elisabeth Nizan (ex-secrétaire of the Comedie Française): "50 ans de cabarets littéraires" (illustrated with gramophone records).

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion on the Library on Tuesday evenings at 7 p.m. Nov. 28, S. K. Ratcliffe: "The Demise of English Poetry." Adm. free. Collection.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Nov. 26, The Rt. Hon. The Lord Chorley, M.A., J.P.: "Ethics and Politics." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. November 26: Suicide, Euthanasia, Capital Punishment: Are They Justifiable?

FOR those who are interested in a deeper understanding of Life and World Trends, W. J. Stein lectures every Saturday at 3 p.m. in Kingsway Hall.

PERSONALIST Group. Symposium on "Sex and Society: an inquiry into sexual ethics." A. Burall, J. B. Coates, Virginia Flemming and L. Prechner, Wed., Nov. 29, at 7.45 p.m., at Conway Hall.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga, Tuesdays 1 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W. Nov. 28: Spiritual Laws. Dec. 5: Spiritual Discipline.

MR. Claude Houghton on "Anarchy and the Individual," Dec. 1, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch, 8.15. All welc.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Nov. 29, 6.30. "Shinran and Bodhidharma—Two Approaches to Reality." Mr. J. Austin.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Des blessures exposantes de Balzac" will be delivered (in French) by Dr. Jean Sarrailh (Rector of the University of Paris) at 5 p.m. on November 27, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Nov. 28, at 7.45 p.m. "Czechoslovakia compared with Western Europe." Speaker: Miss Louise Mackay, recently returned from Czechoslovakia via Switzerland and France. Chair: Mrs. Jessie Street. Adm. free, all welcome.

"MILITARY Defence of the Free World": Address by Cyril Falls, Professor of History of War, Oxford, Tues. Dec. 5, 8 p.m. Church House, Westminster.

DYNAMIC Peace Making—Three meetings arranged by the Ethical Union, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., at 7 p.m. (1) Mon., November 27. H. L. Beales: Orderly Access to the Means of National Living.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the Dean of St. Paul's and the Chief Rabbi will speak on "Religious Liberty" (with special reference to conditions in Eastern Europe) at the Annual General Meeting of the Council of Christians and Jews, on Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2.30 p.m., in the Victoria Hall (North), Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

TRADE with Poland Conference. Sat., Nov. 25, 1950, 3-6 p.m., at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Westminster, S.W.1. Speakers include Gordon Schaffer, F. Beesley, L. McGhee, Mrs. D. Purcell. Chairman: J. Jacobs. Organisations sending up to 2 delegates or observers at an inclusive charge of 2s. can obtain credentials at the door. Visitors' tickets 1s. at the door. Organised by the British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. (Tel. Langham 6593.)

INTERNATIONAL Student Service Christmas Conference, at High Leigh Hall, Hoddesdon (16 miles from London), Dec. 18-22. Christmas social and cultural programme includes: discussions on "Role of International Organisations within the University Community," "parties, film shows, carol singing, etc. Inclusive charge: £3 17s. 6d. Details from I.S.S., 59 Gloucester Place W...

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